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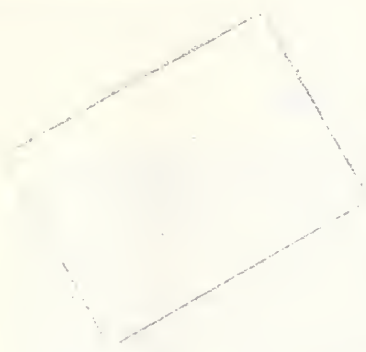
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HISTORY
OF
BENTON HARBOR
AND (MICH.)
TALES OF VILLAGE DAYS.

A Combination of Local Historic Events, Interwoven with
Anecdotes of the Times when Benton Harbor was
a Village. Together with a Compilation of
Other Records.

BY
JAMES PENDER.

CHICAGO:
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1915.



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PREFACE.

In writing and publishing this book, the author has undertaken to preserve a great deal of the history of Benton Harbor from the oblivion that overtakes all unrecorded events as the years pass by. These original, and until now unpublished, stories, together with the sketches of local history that have been found scattered in different publications, are assembled here, and placed before the reader.

It is true of all of us, after we have passed our youthful days, to pause occasionally in life's endeavors and look backward in mental review to the scenes and events of past activities. We are prone to think fondly, and speak enthusiastically, of old-time associates, and former deeds of frolic or achievement. Each generation, in its time, cherishes the same sentiments, because youthful impressions rarely ever fade from the memory.

The manuscript for this book was prepared from time to time during the greater part of the year 1914, as opportunity from toil for a livelihood afforded. The title first chosen was "Old Times in Benton Harbor," and as historical events are interwoven with the stories the present title seems more appropriate.

The narrative begins from the time the writer first arrived, at the age of five years, coming in on a

PREFACE.

sailing vessel from Chicago, and is continued over a period of thirty years, or until the village changed its old-fashioned garb for a new dress—the city charter.

It has been said by a well-known author that few persons write more than one town history. Such a work needs the whole heart of the writer. He must have grown up thoroughly imbued with the ideas of the town, and its story he must have cherished in his mind for years. Then he must have a certain amount of leisure for investigation, and above all, he must be able and willing to write his impressions without slighting or offending and in absolute truth and fairness.

In the following sketches, I have endeavored to write as accurately as possible of the scenes and events that have been so well remembered, not only by the writer, but also by many of the survivors of of the days of which I write.

Hoping that the story of Benton Harbor, thus told, may meet with the approval of the people whose homes are here; to them, and also to those who formerly lived here but now reside in different localities, this volume is respectfully submitted, by

THE AUTHOR.

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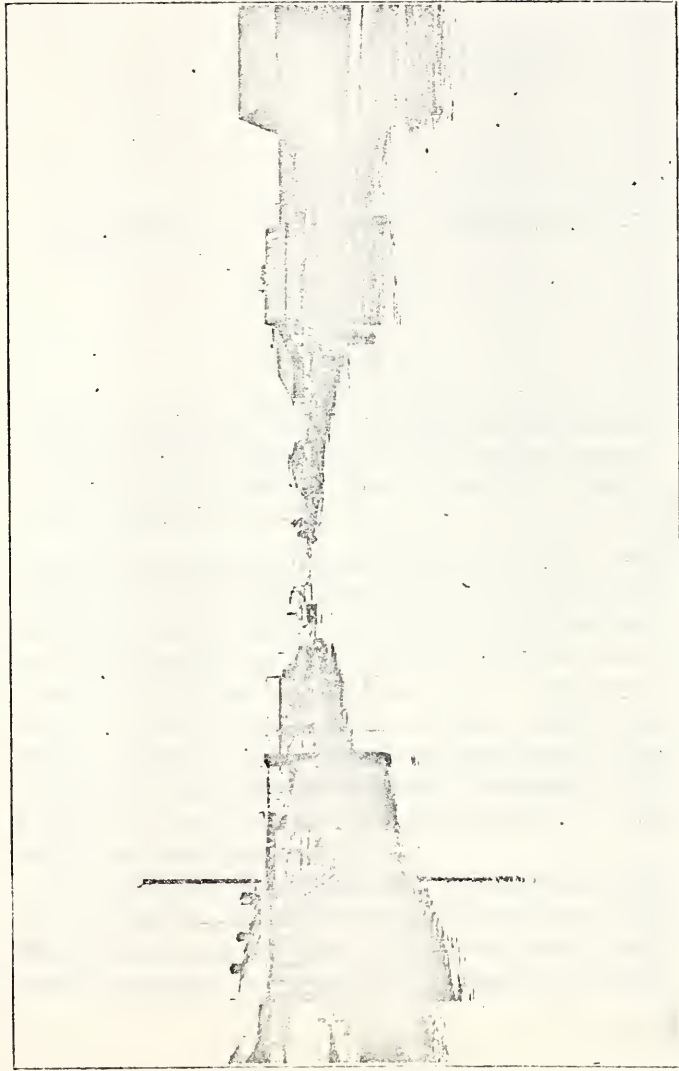
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Perchance the living still may look
Into the pages of this book,
And see the days of long ago
Floating and fleeting too and fro.
As in the well remembered brook
They saw the inverted landscape gleam,
And their own faces like a dream
Look upon them from below.

—Longfellow.



THE BENTON HARBOR CANAL.

Photo by PanabStone

HISTORY OF BENTON HARBOR.

CHAPTER I.

When the Canal Was New.—Hostility Between the Towns.—The Martin Birds.—William Hess, Schoolmaster.—The Flowers on Brunson's Hill.—Brunson Harbor, the Original Name of the Town.—Loss of the Hippocampus.—Statements of the Survivors.

THIS history begins with the summer of 1863. At that time the town and the canal were new, and there were groups of men standing around the corners of the streets each day talking in pleasant tones about the bright prospects of the town. Every new arrival in the village, young or old, would soon become imbued with the spirit so prevalent in the community—a good-natured unity of sentiment and a combined ambition to “put the shoulder to the wheel” of local progress.

This unity of local sentiment was considerably strengthened by the well displayed hostility of the older town across the river. There was rivalry and enmity between the people of St. Joseph and the

"Who's your teacher?"

"Billy Hess."

Mr. Hess, after a few terms of teaching, retired from the school and took up carpenter work, his regular trade, which he followed in Benton Harbor for many years.

He was succeeded in the school by John C. Lawrence. The later soon became Benton Harbor's most popular schoolmaster in the early days of the village. To John C. Lawrence is due credit for placing Benton Harbor's schools upon a practical working basis. The school was graded into first and second grades, and as the building was too small to accommodate all the pupils another school house of similar construction was erected. In the new building the younger children, or juniors, were taught the alphabet, primer and first reader by a woman teacher.

The flowers on Brunson's hill were a delight to the school children as well as an ornament to that part of town. The hillside fronting on Pipestone street was covered with roses of all varieties. The highly perfumed pinks were grown there in great profusion. Sterne Brunson's large white house stood upon the crest of the hill. There was a giant swing, made of poles, suspended from the limb of a large oak tree. The school children were frequently invited by members of the Brunson family

to go up the hillside path, between the pinks, and enjoy a swing. The Brunson family were esteemed in those days somewhat like Gen. Washington and his household are pictured in early colonial days. Sterne Brunson was looked up to as the founder of Benton Harbor in about the same way as George Washington is regarded as the father of his country. Brunson Harbor was the original name of the town. The change to Benton Harbor did not meet with the approval of the people generally. The town was called Brunson Harbor long after the change of name had been made, and it was not until a newspaper was established in 1868 that the name Benton Harbor became popular.

Mr. J. E. Miller, in his reminiscence, which is published in this book, says it was voted in 1866 to change the name to Benton Harbor because it was the most important town in the county and township of Benton.

When the peach orchards began to bear fruit in large quantities steamboats were employed to transport the fruit to Chicago. Five steamboats came up the canal daily to receive their loads of the luscious fruit. One of these steamboats, the Hippocampus, was lost on the night of September 8, 1868. The boat was heavily loaded with peaches and capsized in a squall when about half the distance to Chicago. The loss of this boat caused much sorrow

among the people of the growing little town. The loss of life was shocking. Among the lost was Alvin Burrige, the leading local boot and shoe dealer. Al. Palmer, another one of the lost, was also universally mourned. The Palmers owned a general store on East Main Street. The firm consisted of the senior Palmer and his three sons—Al., Theodore and Frank. Al. was on a trip to purchase a new stock of goods for the store. It was rumored among his friends that he had a roll of bills in his pocket amounting to upward of \$5,000. He went down with the boat and did not even make an attempt to get out of his stateroom. "He just spun 'round and 'round," said an eye-witness, "and seemed to be too excited or bewildered to get to the door before the sinking Hippocampus made her last lurch and went down."

All on board were supposed to have been lost. No survivors of the wreck could be found by passing boats or searching expeditions sent out from Chicago. There was universal mourning in Benton Harbor and St. Joseph. On the day following the sinking of the Hippocampus the weather was foggy, and some people hoped that there would be relatives and friends found clinging to driftwood when the fog lifted. On Friday morning, Sept. 11, the tug Minter, of Saugatuck, steamed into St. Joseph harbor with seventeen survivors of the lost steamer on board. They had been picked up out of the sea by

the schooner Trio, Capt. Johnson, who found them floating upon a raft-like piece of the upper cabin of the lost Hippocampus. The Trio then headed for Saugatuck, where the survivors were landed. They had been in the water and without food for thirty-eight hours when rescued by the Trio.

The total number on board of the Hippocampus was forty-three people. Lost, twenty-six; saved, seventeen. Of the boat's crew there were saved captain, Henry W. Brown; clerk, Charles P. Bloom; wheelmen, Charles Morrison and Charles Russell. steward, Cyrus Rittenhouse; and six deck hands.

The six passengers saved were: Edward N. Hatch, James Trimble, Joseph Riford, V. Dailey, Joseph Cooley and George Fuller.

The statements of the survivors are interesting. They are reprinted here and are copied from the Chicago Tribune of that date.

Statement of Edward N. Hatch: "While I was struggling in the water some person caught hold of me. I tried to kick him loose, but we both went down together. While under the water he let go and I came up. I took in much water while going down. I remember wondering how far it was to the bottom of the lake. It seemed as if I was forty feet under. On rising again I came under a spar of the steamer and caught hold of the rigging. I saw my friend Trimble upon the upper side of

the spar. He hailed me and told me to come, to come to him. I did so and found the captain and wheelsman Morrison with him. Finally we picked up others until we had eleven on the raft. The sea was running high; darkness set in. There was thunder and lightning during the day and it had rained hard. We now felt gloomy and discouraged. Mr. Riford, an old gentleman of Benton Harbor, cheered us, and at the request of Capt. Brown, prayed for our deliverance. While praying, all sat as quiet as possible. After prayer all promised to be better men and Christians if they reached shore. We were exhorted to this by Riford."

Statement of Cyrus Rittenhouse, steward of the Hippocampus: "As soon as we left St. Joseph, Monday evening, Sept. 7th, I turned into my berth and knew nothing of what transpired until about two minutes before we went down. The listing of the boat and shifting of cargo waked me. I rushed out of my room partly dressed. When I came out of the cabin she was going down stern first, partly on her side. Passengers were screaming, 'Oh, my God! what shall I do, what shall I do!' By this time the cabin had struck water and broke loose from the boat. So I sprang into the water. I made for a door, went under, turned up and caught the door. A passenger just then came on my back, caught me by the throat and choked me off the door.

I said, 'Oh, my God, if you won't choke me you can have the door.' He let me go and I went down. As I came up again I got entangled in some floating twine; went down again, and on coming up caught hold of the cabin on which was John Bloom, the clerk, and a colored man named Johnson. Crept onto that and finding it would not maintain all of us jumped off and swam to the hurricane deck, about fifteen feet off. I think there were three men on it. One of them drew me upon it. I now saw Capt. Brown and wheelsman Morrison floating on the side of the cabin. They floated to us and we helped them onto our raft. It soon became very foggy. The wind was blowing hard and the sea rolling high so that we could hardly keep on the raft. We all felt nearly discouraged. Mr. Riford, at the request of Capt. Brown, offered prayer in our behalf, to which we all responded with a hearty 'amen.' About 4 o'clock Wednesday morning we saw the light of a vessel, and this one, to our great joy, was coming towards us. We had been passed unseen by three vessels before this. We signaled with the table-cloth which Capt. Brown had picked up and waved our arms and halloed. In a few minutes we were overjoyed to see that she had discovered us. We were picked up and taken to Saugatuck. The vessel that saved us was the 'Trio.'

Joseph Riford, one of the survivors of the lost Hippocampus, was, what was then called an old man, but his age was no handicap to his ability to take care of himself. In this dangerous situation he calmly took a chair from his stateroom and leaped overboard with it. After floating the balance of the night astride of the chair he was picked up at dawn by the men on the raft.

Capt. John Morrison was the regular captain of the Hippocampus. He had been ill a few days and on the night of Sept. 7th yielded his post to Capt. Brown. The later and members of the crew denied the boat was overloaded. Capt. Brown stated that the foundering of the Hippocampus was a mystery to him. The boat, he said, had carried heavier loads. A few minutes before the disaster the captain, accompanied by wheelsman Morrison, went below to see if the boat was taking in water. They found everything secure. A few minutes later the Hippocampus careened on her side in the heavy rolling sea and went down stern first. Capt. Brown stated that the number of packages of peaches on board was 7001 baskets and boxes.

The Hippocampus was a comparatively new boat having been built only two years before the disaster. The boat was a screw-propeller and measured 82 ft. keel, or 94 ft. over all. Breadth of beam 17 ft. and depth of hold 8 ft. Curtis Boughton, Allen Brunson and Capt. Morrison were the owners.

CHAPTER II.

Fortunes in Peaches.—Prosperous Times.—The Storekeepers.—Mail Brought in by Stage Coach.—Engaged Couple Were "Belled."—A Parrot of War Times.—Saturday Afternoon Horse Racing.—Thad Drew, a Character.

FORTUNES were made in peaches. Orchards in bearing were valued at about one thousand dollars per acre. The largest orchard in this region at that time was the one known as "the Cincinnati peach orchard." It comprised about one hundred acres of peach trees of all varieties, early and late. The orchard was located on Morton Hill, in the east and northeast part of that district. It was owned by a Cincinnati syndicate, who no doubt reaped a fortune from its bountiful supply of peaches. The entire orchard was later destroyed by the yellows.

The Cincinnati Peach Orchard was one of the many wonders of the newly discovered fruit belt. Its name was mentioned in the newspapers of Chicago and the Eastern cities. Visitors or newcomers to this region would usually go out to look at it and to sample its different kinds of peaches. The orchard was cut down in 1877, after the Yellows Commission had discovered the presence of the disease which was then attacking the orchards.

The loading of five steamboats nightly with peaches gave employment to all who could be pressed into service. Men and boys employed in the basket factories could put in three or four hours each evening on the docks at 30 cents per hour. The extra money earned in this way when added to the regular daily earnings amounted to from \$3.50 to \$5.00 per day for the workman. Many of these money-earners were boys not over fifteen years of age.

The merchants in business here before and after village was incorporated were: Alvin Burrige, boots and shoes; E. G. Reynolds, dry goods; P. M. Kinney, groceries; C. S. Boyle, meat market; John Thomas, boots and shoes; Thos. Spiers, tailor; Gates & Bell, drug store; David Allison, flour and feed; Capt. N. Robbins, general store; Palmer & Sons, general store; Peter Hansen, tailor; Dodge Reed and John A. Scott, shoe shop; Henry Petrie, harness store; O. Hulburd, bakery; William Gates, dry goods; Albert Baushke and Bro., wagon shop, and Joseph Bell conducted a blacksmith shop on Pipestone street, as did also Sol Woods. Calvin Colgrove made wagons in the lower room of his two-story house, which was located in the rear of a lot fronting on Elm street. John Morrison was a popular landlord of a boarding-house, grocery store and saloon on Main street. William Dunnigan was an

inn-keeper at the corner of Main street and Colfax avenue. He was the original ice dealer, being the first to employ men to cut ice and store it for public use in the summer months. James Trimble owned a boarding-house and saloon on Main street, near where the Hotel Benton now stands. There were other saloons and inns where the weary traveler, coming in by stage-coach, found a comfortable refuge. The American House, the only hotel in the village, a large frame structure, stood on the corner of Main and Pipestone streets, where the Jones & Sonner block now stands. At that time the hotel was managed by a family of the name of Dodge. This hotel, which was frequently called "the tavern," was later owned and managed by E. Nichols and family. Under the management of Mr. Nichols the American House was very popular with the town folks as well as with the traveling public. Later the American House was managed by Alonzo Vincent. He was a popular landlord.

The postoffice was located on East Main street, in a small store building. Henry C. Morton, one of the most energetic founders of the village, was the postmaster. The mail was brought in by stage coach. On days when the stage coach failed to come in a horseback rider would be employed to bring the mail over from St. Joseph. Stanley Morton often did this duty when a boy and while his father was postmaster. It is remembered that a

mail carrier one day came galloping into town and reported that two desperate looking men attempted to hold him up near the bridge for the purpose of robbing the mail-bag. He whipped up his horse, which was a spirited one, and made a record trip from the bridge to the Benton Harbor postoffice. The east end of the bridge was considered a dangerous locality for travelers on the lonely road between the towns.

The dry goods store of Wm. Gates was a popular place to trade, owing no doubt to the handsome and obliging young people who clerked there. They were Miss Susie Gates, daughter of the proprietor, and Andrew J. Kidd, a young man who became popular from the first day of his arrival in the new town. The romance of this couple would make an interesting story if written by some one who has talent for that class of writing. When their engagement was announced the girls of the village belled them, going from door to door ringing a bell and announcing "Andrew Kidd and Susie Gates." The Congregational church stood in a vacant part of town, East Main street below Hunter's Hill. It was there that the marriage of Andrew J. Kidd and Susie Gates was solemnized. It was the most elaborate social event in the history of Benton Harbor up to that date.

There were many aftermath incidents of the

great civil war in those days in Benton Harbor. When the soldiers returned from the battlefields of the South some of them continued to wear their blue uniforms for years after. There was a family named Petrie who owned the house and lots on Michigan street later owned by John A. Scott, and now owned and occupied by Dennis O'Brien and family. On Petrie's veranda a parrot occupied a cage. Whenever this parrot could get a glimpse of a man in soldier blue uniform it would sing out:

"Hurrah for Grant! 'Rah for Grant!"

Gen. Grant was the popular hero of the day, and this parrot's enthusiasm for him was a delight to all who heard it.

In 1872 S. G. Antisdale & Co. were selling groceries; H. L. Pitcher & Co., dry goods; M. G. Lamport, hardware; Conger & Hutchinson, boots and shoes; Brunson & Johnson, hardware. The local physicians were: Drs. John and George Bell, Dr. J. R. Dunning, and Dr. Richard Winans. Geo. W. Toles was Justice of the Peace; A. B. Riford was an attorney.

The ague, or chills and fever, was a prevalent disease in the summer months. The cause of this was the newness of the country and the great area of marsh land on two sides of the village. Very few, if any, of the people could escape this disease. "He's got the ague," was a common expression

when a victim began shaking with chills. The doctor would be called and quinine was the remedy used. If there was a delay in calling the physician the patient's condition would change from chills to a nerve-racking and head-splitting fever. The sufferings of the villagers from ague became so common that it was considered an every day humorous incident to see fellow creatures shaking so strenuously that everything movable in the vicinity was set in motion. Occasionally the building shook where one or more people were down with the ague. After one day's sickness the ague would pass away, if quinine had been taken, and the victim of its attack would then feel about as good as ever. Some of the ague victims were subject to regular every other day attacks. A great amount of quinine was consumed in combating this disease.

The styles of clothing worn were very different from modern fashions. All men and boys wore boots with high leggings. The pants from the knee downward were usually worn inside of the boot leggins. The boys boots were ornamented with a strip of copper over the toe-tips. The women wore long loose-fitting dresses, which were made to look larger by the use of hoop-skirts. The hair was worn in coils on the back of the head, held in position with hair-nets. Some of the girls, with curls, let their hair down about the shoulders.

Horse racing was a popular sport. On Saturday afternoons farmers with good horses would gather in town and talk racing. A conspicuous character in this sport was Thad Drew, a well-to-do farmer, and as reckless a looking man as could be found anywhere, not excepting the bad lands. Thad would go from one saloon to another, treating his followers to anything but soft drinks, and boasting about his good horses.

When some one in an opposition crowd displayed courage enough to challenge him to a race Thad would create a circus entertainment on the street. He would bluster around expressing contempt for his challenger:

"You haven't got a hoss that can run. Look at that hoss o' mine; he can beat any hoss that ever wore a shoe or went barefoot." Thad would then take a large chew of tobacco and continue as follows: "Any one as wants to race with my hoss let him come for'ard an' put up his money. I've got money to prove that hoss can show daylight," (here Thad would laugh a sort of a chuckle and expectorate tobacco-juice) "yes, show daylight, and a large streak at that, between him an' your nag, I don't care what kind o' a hoss it is, or where he comes from."

The opposition replied: "I will bet you ten dollars my horse can leave yours behind in a run of forty rods."

Then Thad would roar: "Ten dollars, shucks! Make it twenty-five dollars! And my hoss don't engage in little runs of forty rods. It's eighty rods or nuthin'!"

The opposition would then show symptoms of backing out. This would be just what Thad wanted. for in reality he was more of a blustering joker than the owner of great racers. The race course was on Colfax avenue, (then called the Heath's Corners road) from a line somewhere near Empire avenue to Britain avenue. When no race for a money bet could be arranged, Thad Drew and a crowd would go up to the race course, where a race between Thad's own horses would be run for the entertainment of the spectators.

One Saturday afternoon in town, while an argument on racing was furnishing entertainment for a large crowd, a young man, (James McCormick) climbed into a wagon and made a speech as follows:

"Gentlemen—I want to see a race, and I am sure all here want to see a race. Now, the only thing that's preventing a race is the disagreement about distance. Thad Drew wants eighty rods and the opposition as stubbornly sticks for forty rods. Now why not split the difference and call it sixty rods?"

This speech was received with cheers from the crowd. It seemed to throw new light upon a deadlocked situation. Thad Drew and the opposition agreed to a race at sixty rods. The money was put

up and all interested hiked to the race course. An interesting race followed. The horses were ridden by youths of both clans. The opposition horse took the lead at the start but was overtaken and passed by Thad's racer. Again the opposition horse went to the front and passed his rival, crossing the line a length ahead. As a balm for his defeat, Thad Drew took another chew of tobacco and then challenged his rival to a race at eighty rods. The later replied that he never ran his horse that far only when after red-skins or johnnies.

CHAPTER III.

Saw Mills and Lumbering.—Rough Woodsmen.—Town Marshal and Calaboose.—“Sand” Meant Courage.—The Mill on the Paw Paw.—Harris, the Hermit.—Buried Gold.—The Lumber Scow.—Whitewoods Largest Logs.—Some of the Pioneers.

THE forests around Benton Harbor were very extensive. There was an abundance of standing timber awaiting the axes and saws of the woodsmen. A sawmill was established by Samuel McGuigan in the woods on East Britain Road. Lumber and building material were manufactured at McGuigan's mill, and a considerable portion of this product was hauled into town by ox teams and shipped on sailing vessels by way of the canal. Nearly all of the men who worked in the woods and the sawmill were of the rough and ready class. It was customary with them to come into town every Saturday and indulge in whisky drinking to the limit. Some of the men frequently became so intoxicated that the saloon keepers would assume responsibility for their safety and put them into beds, locking the doors and keeping them from harm until sober.

Fighting was a frequent occurrence on the streets. So desperate were some of these fights that a well known resident of the town was moved to remark: "I served three years in the civil war and during that time never saw more desperate personal encounters than I have seen here on the streets of Benton Harbor." To describe any of these fights would not be agreeable to the writer, nor to the reader, either, perhaps. Suffice it to say that complete peace had not as yet settled over the land and the war spirit still prevailed. Some men, especially when a little intoxicated, would fight on the least provocation. This was a characteristic of husky youths, who seemed to take a keen delight in getting into the roughest kind of a row. A few good words can be said for the rough and tumble fighters of those days—they never used a deadly weapon of any kind, and no greater injury than can be done with nature's weapons, the fists, was ever inflicted upon an opponent, with possibly one exception. That was when Charles Peters shot two of the Lysaght brothers in a saloon row after a dance in Robbins' Hall. Fortunately none of the shots inflicted a mortal wound. Peters himself suffering great injury when one of his opponents smashed up a heavy bottle upon his head. This affray was one of the most desperate and sensational ever known in this part of the state. The fight was between a gang of young men from St.

Joseph and a bunch of youths from around Millburg. It occurred in Charles Collins' saloon on West Main street. The saloon was completely wrecked, and the wounded men were conveyed to the American House, where Dr. John Bell, who was called, dressed their wounds. All recovered in time from their injuries.

Of police protection there was practically none. The town had a marshal and a calaboose, but these representatives of the law were entirely inadequate to preserve the peace. When the marshal made an arrest it was often necessary to have the assistance of spectators to take a prisoner to the calaboose. On one occasion when Cushan Burr, a popular marshal of Benton Harbor, made an arrest the prisoner refused to go, and when Cush commenced to force him the drunken fellow lay down flat on the sidewalk. Cush called for volunteers. Two men sprang forward and the prisoner was dragged to the jail. As the sidewalks were very uneven, some high and others low, the prisoner's trip was a rough one.

Frank Collins was regarded as one of the town's scrappy men. He was the youngest of the Collins brothers. He was not what may be termed a drinking man in so far as becoming helplessly intoxicated. On the contrary he was cleverly shrewd in knowing how to take care of himself in every altercation. "He's got sand," was a com-

mon expression in reference to one with a reputation for courage. The majority of the people could claim this distinction, for there was so much sand in the streets that the village was frequently called "Sandtown."

George Collins was the elder of the Collins brothers, of whom there were five. The Collins family were among the first pioneers of Benton Harbor. The Collins brothers, with the possible exception of Frank, were not of quarrelsome tendencies, and were rarely ever implicated in the fistic encounters in which so many of the young men of that period were inclined to participate in. George Collins was above the average in intelligence, and a debater possessed of a personal magnetism that always drew a crowd about him while discussing the issues of the day. Wherever an assemblage on the street, engaged in a talkfest, George Collins could be found in the center of the crowd. He was a Republican in politics, with liberal tendencies. He saw service in the civil war, and participated in the battle at Franklin, Tenn., and in other engagements.

His son, Fred B. Collins, was elected sheriff of Berrien County, on the Democratic ticket, in the year 1900. He was re-elected to the same office in 1902, serving four years. He received a large Republican vote together with the united support of his own party, attesting the confidence the people

reposed in him. His administration of the duties of the office of sheriff was very creditable to him and an honor to his family and friends.

Jesse R. Johnson was a well known marshal of the village. To him more than to any other one man is due credit for suppressing disorderly fellows and restoring order. Of large proportions and possessed of a savage temper when aroused, Jesse R. Johnson was a terror to would be bad men. He was left-handed, and this physical oddity was an aid to him when handling rough characters. He would knock an opponent down so suddenly that the surprised belligerent would not care for any more of Jess Johnson's game. He was a Democrat in a town where the great majority were Republicans. He served his country in the civil war as a member of the First Michigan Cavalry, enlisting at Dowagiac, where the family home was then located. He fought three years in the war, a part of that time while Gen. George B. McClellan was in command of the union army. For this organizer and leader Jesse R. Johnson cherished a fondness akin to hero-worship. "Little Mack" was his favorite general. Jesse R. Johnson was an esteemed member of Geo. H. Thomas Post, G.A.R., in the later years of his life.

His eldest son, Charles A. Johnson, was elected sheriff of Berrien County, on the Republican ticket,

in 1907. Upon the expiration of his first term of office he was re-elected to a second term, serving four years. Sheriff Johnson was chief of police of the city of Benton Harbor previous to his election to the office of sheriff. He served the people with marked ability and satisfaction to the electorate.

Another sawmill began operations in 1864. It was operated by Henry W. Williams and Joseph Pearl, under the firm name of Williams & Pearl, and was located on the north bank of the Paw Paw river, one mile from town. The mill stood close to the river on the ground near where the metal furniture factory is now. The workmen built their cabins near the mill. These cabins were small, each comprising one room, a bed room, pantry and a loft. The loft, which was reached by a ladder, was some times used as a sleeping room. There were eight or ten of these cabins in the settlement. The larger building, a story and a half frame, was the boarding house. This was occupied by Mr. Williams and his family, and in it were also housed the single men who worked in the mill. There were few single men, however, as nearly all the mill men had families. Each of these was given a cabin and garden ground, free of rent or taxes. Henry W. Williams was a generous employer.

It was an interesting village of log-rafters and

lumber men. The cabins were sheltered from the north winds by the large hill under which they were clustered, and having a south frontage on the river were very comfortable even in the coldest weather. On the hill above the settlement there was a frame house of the old-fashioned kind, with a south front veranda, and a large open fire place in the main room. This was the Proctor homestead. They were an English family and were among the first settlers in that region. The family comprised six people, Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Proctor and their four children, William, Jane, Susan and Emma. William was a member of the Seventh Michigan Cavalry in the civil war. Emma married James Versaw, her brother's comrade in arms. To the east of the settlement there was another large frame building. This house was painted white and it stood upon a hill in the midst of peach trees. It was the residence of Dr. Richard Winans and his large family. It is still known as the Winans homestead, although none of that family have lived there recently. To the west there was another large frame building, "the haunted house," standing isolated a short distance from the river bank. In this house there dwelt a mysterious man—Harris, the hermit. He was an old man who lived there alone and was said to be the possessor of a great deal of wealth, in gold, which he had secured in California during the gold

digging days of '49. He owned all the land in that vicinity excepting the Proctor farm and the Winans estate. He would not sell any of his land. Williams & Pearl were unable to purchase a land site for their mill but were given a twenty years lease by the hermit. Mr. Williams and family occupied a part of the hermit's house at one time while waiting for their own house on which carpenters were working. Mrs. Williams, while cleaning out the cellar, found a jar filled with gold pieces. She took the jar and then went outside and rapped gently upon the hermit's door. The door was opened cautiously after the hermit had inquired who was there. Mrs. Williams told him about how she had found the jar of gold and asked him if it was his. The hermit greedily grabbed the jar of gold and then closed the door and locked it. At another time a little girl found a ten-dollar gold piece under an apple tree near the hermit's house. It had been brought to the surface of the ground by heavy rains. It was the general opinion of the people who knew Harris, and his peculiar manner of living, that he had buried a great deal of gold treasure in the ground about his habitation. As this treasure has never been reported found it may be there yet awaiting lucky discoverers. There were a few other settlers in this region at that time. Among them were Joshua Ells, who owned a fruit farm along the river front towards Double L Gap and extending north

over the hill. Thatcher Hopkins, Col. L. M. Ward, Orsamers Harmon, Wm. J. Knott, and James Aspell, were growing fruit further inland on the hilltop. O. Harmon was one of the first settlers in that region. He came with his family from Ohio in 1853 and purchased one hundred and fifty-four acres, all of which was a vast forest. Mr Harmon's two sons, E. D. Harmon and W. B. Harmon, aided in the work of reclaiming the land. The Harmon homestead is one of the attractive fruit farms on the North Shore Drive.

There was no bridge over the Paw Paw except the one on the east road (now called Paw Paw Avenue. The products of the mill, lumber, lath and shingles, were loaded on to a scow and pikepoled down the river as far as the canal, where the stock was sold to local dealers. The passage of the scow down the river was an enjoyable trip for passengers, but not so pleasant for the motive power of the scow. The men placed poles at their shoulders, and with the steel-barbed ends of the poles in the bottom of the river, pushed and walked along on cleats. The cleats prevented slipping as the boat sped along down the swift current. The scow was propelled by eight men, four on each side. Mr. Williams always took the helm, standing on top of the cabin and swinging the tiller in a way to avoid contact with "snags," and to maintain the boat's

equilibrium when sailing 'round the bends. When going 'round a bend the captain would sing out: "Steady my men; look out for over-board." Although the scow was much lighter on the return trip the work of navigating it was no less hard on the polemen, owing to the swift current for which the Paw Paw was noted, especially in high-water time.

The mill owners were compelled to build a boom the entire length of the river eastward from the mill to the forest. The boom was made by chaining long timbers to piles driven in the center of the river. Inside of the boom the logs were held somewhat like buffaloes in a corral. The logs floated down the river inside the boom, and when they came to the mill waters there was a tremendous bumping of the incoming logs against those at anchor. The largest logs, although not the heaviest, were the beautiful whitewoods.

The saw mill on the Paw Paw has disappeared, fading from view like the forests with which it was linked, and the village of cabins that clustered around it have all vanished like snow-wreaths in a thaw. In this cabin village games were played, songs were sung, marriages were promoted, and children were born. Dances were a pastime, hunting was a sport, and going to town and getting on a jag was a diversion for some of the men.

Harris, the hermit, is gone, but if his buried gold could be found it would prove that there is at least one link between the past and the present that has not succumbed to the changing influences of time.

CHAPTER IV.

The Pottawatomie Indians.—Paw Paw Flats.—Chief Pokagon.—Trapping for Animals.—The Black Squirrels.—Wild Duck Shooting.—The Wild Pigeons.—Wonderful Evolutions of the Flying Pigeons.—Great Slaughter of These Birds.

THE Pottawatomie Indians had a village on the Paw Paw Flats. This was an ideal camping ground. It was a level plain surrounded by forests, hills, and the Paw Paw River. It was a round, grassy field of about five acres. Its location was about one-fourth of a mile east of the bridge at Paw Paw Avenue. Within this natural forest retreat the Indians lived in peace and comfort. The men of the tribe were hunters and trappers; the women weaved baskets of unique designs and colors. Indian ponies galloped over the plain, ever on the alert to prevent outsiders from entering the Indian domain. Whenever a white man or boy appeared on the Paw Paw Flats, he would be immediately attacked by the ponies. They would wheel around and kick at the intruder so viciously that a hasty retreat into the forest was absolutely necessary. Occasionally the intruder would be compelled to climb a tree, to

save himself from the onslaught of the wicked little ponies. The Indians had trained their ponies to do this guard duty, and would not interfere for the safety of the victim; unless the latter happened to be one who came there with a well-filled basket of food, or with money to exchange for furs, or baskets.

The Indians made their own canoes. These canoes were dugouts from the whitewood trees. Whitewoods were felled and the trunks trimmed and shaped. Then the logs were dug out by chopping into the center continuously until all the inside wood had been cut out, leaving only a strong shell. This shell was then finished in canoe shape. These canoes were light, yet very strong, and capable of bearing heavy loads. Six stalwart Indians could get into one of these canoes and go voyaging on the swiftly running waters of the Paw Paw.

The Indians loved the hunting trail. Every Spring and Autumn there was an exodus from the Indian village. The old men and the women of the tribe remained in camp, but the younger men, with their eyes turned towards the sandhills and the great lake, embarked in their canoes and sped away on an expedition that would keep them absent from the village for many moons. In a long single line they paddled their canoes, sailing swiftly over the waters of the Paw Paw, appearing and disappearing 'round the bends. In the sandhills the camps

were made and the days were spent in hunting, trapping and exploring the lake coast.

Chief Simon Pokagon was an educated Indian. He possessed a cheerful disposition, which was plainly visible in his kindly looking face and friendly hand-clasp. He spoke frequently of the false representations in history concerning the Indians. He was a true champion of his race. His heart was pained whenever he mentioned the Indians' degradation. From the days of his forefathers this region had been a happy hunting ground for the children of the forest. Those scenes that once knew them will know them no more.

Almost every man and boy in the early days of Benton Harbor was a hunter. The buffalo and deer had disappeared, but there was an abundance of wild ducks, wild turkeys, wild pigeons, and black squirrels. The marshes were inhabited by muskrats in great numbers, mink, otter and coons. Trapping and skinning fur animals was an occupation followed by many nimrods during the winter months. It was profitable sport for the experts.

The single-barrel, muzzle-loading shotgun was the most common gun used, although the long barrelled, 22 caliber rifle was preferred by some expert marksmen. The double-barrelled, muzzle-loading shotgun came into use, and these were followed by the rapid firing breech loaders. A few army mus-

kets were used with good effect when charged with No. 6 shot.

The woods were full of black squirrels. A hunter could bring down out of the tree-tops as many of these frisky animals in a day's hunt as could be conveniently carried. Overcoats and caps were made of black squirrel skins. Squirrel stew was as good as anything that ever came from a kitchen. These squirrels were of migratory habits. They traveled long distances, crossing rivers and lakes, occasionally riding on driftwood. At times none of them could be seen in the woods, but when nuts were ripe then the black squirrels appeared in great numbers. Fox squirrels, the gray and red squirrels, could also be found by the hunter. A few gray squirrels, fox and red squirrels, can now be found in the woods, but the black squirrels have disappeared.

Wild ducks were a class of game birds that never failed to furnish good sport for the hunters. The marshes around Benton Harbor were favorite feeding grounds for wild fowl. Each morning wild ducks arose in great numbers from the ponds in the vicinity of the sandhills and flew eastward, alighting a few miles from the starting place, where they remained during the day, feeding on the abundance of wild rice and celery that grew in the marshes. In the evening, from about sundown to darkness, they would take wing again and fly back towards the sandhills.

Before each evening's flight, scores of hunters took positions down on the side of the high road, or "canal bank," as it was called. It is now Willow Drive. Thus hidden from the view of the ducks the nimrods awaited the familiar "quack, quack," that signalled the beginning of the evening's flight. Wild ducks fly very rapidly. Their speed is said to be at the rate of ninety miles per hour; but so expert were some of the hunters that not a duck could escape that came within range of their double-barrelled guns. Some there were who missed continually and rarely ever could bring down a duck, but the experts always returned home with as many plump mallards as they cared to carry. Trained dogs were used to retrieve the ducks that fell in the water, or in the marsh.

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Some of the most expert wing shots were: Ed. Brane, Alfonzo Vuylsteake, George Crooks, Irving Colby, Lew Burridge, Henry E. Gillette, Schuyler Bowman, and others.

Wild pigeons, flying in great flocks, furnished fine sport for nimrods. The birds generally came from a westerly direction. These flocks were so large at times that they almost eclipsed the sun. Similar to a vast army in the air they moved in large divisions, all converging on some point in the beech woods. During the flight over Benton Harbor they were fired on from every convenient position. The slaughter of these birds was tremendous. They

made excellent potpies. Every person in town or country had a share of wild pigeon shooting or eating. These birds have disappeared from the American continent.

In 1880 the passenger pigeon was thronging in countless millions through the middle west. These birds associated in such prodigious numbers as to almost surpass belief. Their numbers had no parallel among the other feathered tribes on the face of the earth. They were slain by millions, and from one point in Michigan alone three million wild pigeons were slaughtered in one year. (Upon the authority of Forest and Stream.) They supplied a means of living for numerous market hunters, who devastated the flocks with nets and guns. Yet so vast were their numbers that after years of slaughter nothing but the cutting away of the forests could have accomplished their decrease. The big nesting in Michigan in 1878 was believed to be the last migration, but the pigeons continued to nest, in greatly diminished flocks, for nearly ten years after that date.

The passenger pigeon laid only one egg in its nest, and although it bred three or four times a year, it could not replenish the numbers slaughtered by the professional netters. The history of the buffalo is repeated in that of the wild pigeon.

A few observations on the mode of flight of these birds may be of interest: A column six or

eight miles long would suddenly appear, coming from the direction of the woods west and south of St. Joseph, and flying towards the forest east of Benton Harbor. The leaders of this great body would sometimes vary their course until it formed a large bend of more than a mile in diameter, those behind tracing the exact course of their predecessors. This would continue long after both extremities were beyond the reach of sight, so that the whole flock, with its glittering undulations, marked a space in the upper air resembling the windings of a vast river. When this bend became very great, the birds, as if sensible of the unnecessary circuitous course they were taking, suddenly changed their direction, so that what was a column before became an immense front, straightening all its crook lines until it swept the heavens in one vast extended line. Sometimes a hawk would make a sweep on a particular part of the column from a great height, when almost as quick as lightning, that part of the mass of birds shot downward out of the common track, but soon rising again, continued advancing at the same height as before. This inflection was continued by those behind, who, on arriving at this point, dived down almost perpendicularly, to a great depth, and rising followed the exact path of those that went before.

As soon as it was known that the wild pigeons were coming, the gunners got their guns, the clap

nets were spread in suitable locations, usually on an open height in an old buck-wheat field. Four or five pigeons, with their eyelids sewed up, were fastened on a movable stick—a small hut of branches was fitted up for the hunters at a distance of forty or fifty yards—by the pulling of a string the stick on which the pigeons rested was alternately elevated and lowered, which produced a fluttering of their wings similar to that of birds just alighting; this being perceived by the passing flocks they descended with great rapidity, and finding corn, buckwheat, etc., strewed about, began to feed, and were instantly, by the pulling of a cord, covered by the net. In this manner from one hundred to three hundred were often caught at one sweep. Meantime the air was darkened by large flocks of them flying in various directions; the woods also swarmed with them; and the crashing sound of guns was perpetual on all sides from morning to night. The hunters strung them on switches, and in this way carried dozens of the dead birds slung over their shoulders.

The American passenger pigeon differed from all other pigeons in various ways—in form, in color of plumage, and in the length and beauty of its tail feathers. Blue wings and head, with some bronze green, and a reddish hazel breast were its principal colors, although it also possessed white, black, brown, and purple crimson feathers. An orange rim encircled its eyelids.

No other game bird possessed such beautiful outlines and plumage as the passenger pigeon.

Pokagon wrote a story of the wild pigeons for an Eastern magazine in 1895, from which the following is an extract:

“The migratory or wild pigeon was known to our race as O-me-me-wog. Why the Europeans did not accept that name was, no doubt, because the bird so much resembled the domesticated pigeon; they naturally called it a wild pigeon, as they called us wild men.

This remarkable bird differs from the dove or domesticated pigeon, which was imported into this country, in the grace of its slender bill and legs, and its narrow wings. Its tail is eight inches long, having twelve feathers, white on the underside. The two center feathers are longest, while five feathers arranged on either side diminished gradually one-half inch in length, giving to the tail when spread an almost conical appearance.

It was proverbial with our fathers that if the Great Spirit in ~~his~~ His wisdom could have created a more elegant bird in plumage, form and movement, He never did. When a young man, I have stood for hours watching the movements of these birds. I have seen them fly in unbroken lines from the horizon; one line succeeding another from morning until night.

Between 1840 and 1880 I visited in the States of Ohio, Indiana and Michigan many breeding places that were from twenty to thirty miles long and from three to four miles wide, every tree in its limits being spotted with nests. Yet, notwithstanding their countless numbers, great endurance and long life, they have almost entirely disappeared from our forests. We strain our eyes in Spring and Autumn in vain to catch a glimpse of these pilgrims. White men tell us they have moved in a body to the Rocky Mountains region, where they are as plentiful as they were here, but when we ask red men, who are familiar with the mountain country, about them, they shake their heads in disbelief.

An O-me-me-wog nesting was always a great source of revenue to our people. Whole tribes would wigwam near the nesting place. They seldom killed the old birds, but made great preparations to secure their young, out of which the squaws made squab butter, and smoked and dried them by thousands for future use. Yet, under our manner of securing them, they continued to increase,

White men commenced netting them for market about the year 1840. When squabs of a nesting became fit for market, these experts, prepared with climbers, would get on to some convenient place in a tree-top loaded with nests, and with a long pole punch out the young, which would fall with a thud like lead on the ground. In other places they would

set fire to the beautiful moss that grew from the roots up into the branches of the birch trees. The parent birds would rise straight up in the air, but the young birds would fall to the ground when the fire burned away their nests.

One night I stayed with an old man on the highlands just north of the nesting in Benzie County. In the course of the evening I explained to him the cruelty that was being shown to the young birds in the nesting. He listened to me in utter astonishment and said: 'My God, is that possible!' Remaining silent a moment, with bowed head, he looked up and said, 'See here, old Indian, you go out with me in the morning and I will show you a way to catch pigeons that will please any red man, and the birds, too.'

Early the next morning I followed him a few rods from the hut, where he showed me an open pole-pen, about two feet high, which he called his bait bed. Into this he scattered a bucket of wheat. We then sat in ambush so as to see through between the poles into the pen. Soon they began to pour into the pen and gorge themselves. While I was watching and admiring them, all at once, to my surprise, they began fluttering and falling on their sides and backs, and kicking and quivering like a lot of cats with paper tied over their feet. He jumped into the pen saying, 'Come on, you red Indian.'

I was right on hand by his side. A few birds flew out of the pen apparently crippled, but we caught and caged about one hundred fine birds. After my excitement was over I sat down on one of the cages and thought in my heart, 'Certainly Pokagon is dreaming, or this long-haired white man is a witch.' I finally said, 'Look here, old fellow, tell me how you did that.' He gazed at me, holding his long white beard in one hand, and said, with one eye half shut and a sly wink with the other, 'That wheat was soaked in whisky!' His answer fell like lead upon my heart. We had talked temperance together the night before, and the old man wept when I told him how my people had fallen before the intoxicating cup of the white man like leaves before the blasts of Autumn. In silence I left the place, saying in my heart, 'Surely the time is now fulfilled when false prophets shall show signs and wonders to seduce, if it were possible, even the elect.'"

CHAPTER V.

Basket Factories.—Expert Nailers.—Champion Basket Makers.—Good Pay for Workers.—Frequent Bathing.—Odd Characters.—Ben King's Inspiration.—Canning Factory.—Kirby's Grist Mill.—Hand Pumping Fire Engine.—Tom Benton Fire Engine.—Graham's Mill.

THE Benton Harbor basket factories, of which there were three, were owned by C. Colby, Hall & Carpenter, and Ingham & Leslie, from 1870 to 1880, and later. Colby's factory was located in a building called "the red warehouse." It was a large one-story frame, painted red, and stood where the Graham & Morton dock warehouse has been in recent years, on Water Street. In this factory there were some very expert basket makers, or "nailers," as they were called. The best of these were a few young men who had come over from Chicago with James Kirby & Bro., when that firm operated the first basket factory in Benton Harbor. When they sold their factory to Mr. Colby their employes remained here and became actively identified with the industrial and social life of the new town.

The nailers in the basket factories worked on piece work; that is, they were paid fifty cents per

hundred for peach baskets. An ordinary nailer could make about five hundred baskets per day, by keeping at it continuously and working hard. But the experts could pile up many more than this number. One of them, a former Kirby employe, whom his associates called "Chris," could put up eight hundred peach baskets as a day's work, whenever he wished to do so. He was a model young man, and so highly esteemed by his employer and associates that they had a standing offer of a large sum as a bet, that in a contest he could put up more baskets in a day than any nailer that ever pulled nails from the mouth and drove them into wood with a hammer. He was known as the champion basket maker. He is still in the basket business, at this writing; not as a nailer, but as a wealthy member of the Anderson-Tully Co. C. J. Tully is his name.

At Hall & Carpenter's factory (now Hinkley's) there was the largest number of employes ever gathered together in a local basket factory. It was over-crowded. The hoop making department was under the management of Dick Perkins and his brother William, or "Billy" as he was called, both of whom were experienced nailers. The Perkins brothers were indulgent to their employes, and whenever there was a shortage of material, some one of the boys would go to the boss and say: "We're out of stuff; can we go swimmin'?" Good-natured Dick would reply laughingly, "yes." Then

the swimming signal would be given; that is, two fingers held up to the view of all. The nailers would then hasten to the canal and dive off of the dock into the water. These trips to the canal were frequently from four to six times in a day. A spring-board was placed on the dock in the rear of the mill, and from this the gossoons turned summer saults into the water. It was from this swimming spot that Ben King, the poet of St. Joseph, got his inspiration for the verses entitled, "The Bungtown Canal." King was one of the boys who worked at Hall & Carpenter's mill when Dick and Billy Perkins were running the hoop and basket departments and employing all the hands they could get.

"How I long to go back there with
Some old time pal,
And dive off again in the
Bungtown Canal."

Ben King's Book of Verse.

Some of the employes were peculiar characters. There was a fellow named Charley Stocking, whose occupation was that of a hoop-maker. He was a tall slim youth, with black eyes and hair, and of a wild and reckless disposition. He did not care what others thought of his tendency to swear. When ever the hoop material would break in the process of winding up on the form, this fellow would swear a volume of oaths that could not be improved upon by a pirate. Some of the basket makers would look

up from their work in alarm, but others would quietly say, "that's Stockin'."

Another odd character was Hosea Crandall, as was also his brother Lee. Hosea was short and broad and Lee was tall and slim. On all occasions when the mill crew desired extra entertainment the Crandall brothers performed contortion feats and acrobatic stunts. They were circus performers out of the ring for a season.

Two of the employes at Hall & Carpenter's mill continued their work there many years after Hall & Carpenter sold out, and the majority of the boys had entered other occupations, or immigrated to different parts of the United States. They are, Henry Noe, engineer, and James Brennan, foreman of veneering machines.

The Ingham & Leslie factory was located on the site of Darche's shingle mill, after the latter had burned down in 1872. It stood near where the wholesale grocery house of Kidd, Dater & Price has been located in modern times. This factory was well known as the headquarters of the most kindly mannered man that ever lived in the town—John C. Ingham. He was regarded somewhat as a personal duplicate of Abraham Lincoln. On the other hand the factory was presided over, in the mechanical department, by one of the sternest men that this town ever possessed. So strict was Mr. Leslie that no one was permitted to enter the factory until

after submitting to a hostile examination at the door. Mr. Leslie would hasten to the door and confront an intruder, regardless of whether the one desiring to enter was friend or foe. He had some fights, usually with the men who carried chips on their shoulders.

Nevertheless, John W. Leslie, when away from business cares, was one of the most amiable of men. All who knew him long and well in Benton Harbor regretted his decision to sell out, which he did many years ago, and moved to Alabama, where timber is more easily procurable for basket making.

The same kindly memories are cherished for Newton B. Hall, one of Benton Harbor's most esteemed business men and manufacturers in the early days of the village. Mr. Hall and his family also moved to Alabama. And Samuel Gentle immigrated to the same State to continue his basket manufacturing business.

The first canning factory was established by A. Plummer and C. Tarbell, in 1872, under the firm name of Plummer & Tarbell. This factory was located on Water street, near where the Phoenix hotel has been in recent years. Fruit and corn were put up into cans and this new industry gave employment to a large number of people at a time of year when other employment was closed down. The factory was moved later to Colfax Avenue, below the hill. It did a good business from year to year,

under different proprietors. C. M. Edick was undoubtedly the most successful canning factory man of that period.

There was a select crew of the colored aristocracy employed in the steaming department of the canning factory. These dusky gents made merry at their work, and the strains of Southern melodies floated o'er the factory during working hours. "My Old Kentucky Home," and "Down on the Swanee River," emanated from that section of the factory where the darkies were hidden by clouds of steam.

This factory was destroyed by fire in the fall of 1886. It has been succeeded by C. H. Godfrey's Canning Works.

Manufacturing cans was a local industry that followed the establishment of the original canning factory. A large number of can makers were employed by George Morton & Charles Ogden, in a factory building on East Main Street, near where the Premier Bath House is now located.

Kirby's grist mill was located on the south bank of the canal, on the site where W. P. Robbins' lumber yard has been located in modern times. James Kirby & Bro. were the original pioneers here in the manufacture of flour, as well as peach baskets. The people of Benton Harbor and surrounding country had been purchasing flour from the Millburg Mills. and St. Joseph Flouring Mills. Benton Harbor flour

won wide popularity. The mill was a large square frame, three stories in height, painted red. Frank Nichols was the miller. Fire broke out in the building and the mill was entirely consumed in 1873. This fire was the largest conflagration Benton Harbor people had ever fought against with bucket brigades. The original fire company was organized after this fire. A hand-pumping fire engine was purchased by the village government. A few years later the famous Tom Benton fire engine displaced the old-fashioned hand pumper. And now the Tom Benton engine has been displaced by a modern motor-truck fire fighting equipment.

Another grist mill was erected and operated by James Reeves. It was located on the west side of Colfax Avenue, opposite Bellview Street. The miller did a good business there many years. The mill was sold to C. F. Compton, a miller from California. Compton's grist mill also was devastated by fire, but was partly saved by the Tom Benton Fire Company. The building was later torn down.

A sawmill built by John H. Graham, and known as Graham's Mill, was erected on the Willow Drive road in 1870. It was located near the railroad tracks. This mill, during a period of twenty years, turned out more lumber than any similar industry in this part of Michigan. The logs for the mill were floated down the Paw Paw River as far as the Willow Drive road, and were then pikepoled by river

men up a canal slip to the mill. It was an interesting sight to observe the great logs going up the "slide," being pulled by a chain with iron dogs attached, the chain getting power from machinery in the mill. The saw that transformed the logs into building material was a straight upright blade (in the pioneer days of the mill.) A huge circular saw displaced the old upright, and the output of lumber was greatly increased. Daniel Green was the head sawyer in this mill from the earliest days of its operation until it closed down and went out of business for lack of logs.

The captains of industry, and pioneers in enterprises, are historical personages in the life of every community.

Peter English promoted the original waterworks system in Benton Harbor.

Edward Brant built the Hotel Benton, the first modern hotel in Benton Harbor.

I. W. Conkey gave Benton Harbor its first commodious public auditorium, Conkey's Hall.

George F. Sonner, chief local patron of the Benton Harbor Public Library, has been connected with Benton Harbor's interests since the year 1872.

Prof. George J. Edgecumbe promoted the Benton Harbor College. He resigned as principal of the local public schools in 1888 to take up the College work.

James W. Pearl, civil engineer, built the Britain Avenue viaduct, a unique bridge structure of remarkable enduring qualities. He also constructed a drainage and sewer system that has given Benton Harbor a sanitary and healthful uplift.

J. Stanley Morton has managed the water traffic problem so efficiently that the Graham & Morton Transportation Co. has grown from the single steamboat, The Messenger, in 1880, to a fleet of five Great Lake Liners.

John Robinson was captain of the propeller Messenger in 1880, and later commanded some of the newer and more modern steamers of the Graham & Morton Line.

Capt. Bert Simons, veteran commander of palace steamers, began his lake sailing career when he gave up ball playing on the flats to become a cabin boy.

CHAPTER VI.

Old-Fashioned Dances.—Popular Musicians.—Dancing in The Country.—Kayus Haid.—Boys and Girls Advised to Play "Albert Hawks."—Panorama.—The Peake Family Bell Ringers.—A Literary and Dramatic Club.—The First Cornet Band.—Fourth of July Enthusiasm.—John McAllister Captures St. Joseph.

THERE was plenty of old-fashioned entertainment in Benton Harbor's village days. Dances and parties were frequently held in the homes, with an occasional public dance at Robbins' Hall. A few years later, the public dances were held in Conkey's Hall on Pipestone Street, and in Robinson's Hall on Sixth Street.

The waltz step was then almost unknown, and the more modern dances, the tango and the fox trot, had not as yet been imported from the land of the Zulus. The dances were what are now called the old-fashioned kind. The four-couple quadrille was the rage in dancing society, and this lively stepping and swinging exercise was varied occasionally with Money Musk and the Virginia Reel. These latter two dances were very popular with the swell set. A good Virginia Reel dancer was looked upon with

envy, and was usually regarded as the star of the ball room.

The caller, or prompter of the quadrilles, was chief boss of the dance, with authority absolutely supreme. After the musicians had taken their positions and had finished tuning up the violins, the caller would announce:

“Take partners for a quadrille!”

Then there was a rush of couples on to the dancing floor.

“Bow to your partners.

“First two couples forward and back.

“Forward again and cross over.

“Forward again.

“Ladies change.

“Forward again.

“Swing partners to place.

“Balance all.

“Swing your partners.

“Second two couples forward and back.

“Forward again and cross over.

“Forward again.

“Ladies change.

“Forward again.

“Swing partners to place,

“Balance all.

“Swing your partners.

“First two couples lead up to the right.”

“Balance.

“Four hands 'round.”

And so forth, until all the figures of the quadrille had been gone through.

Quite often there was a caller who could put some real frills and thrills into his work. For instance, a prompter would occasionally direct the dancers as follows:

"All forward and give the right hand across.

"Balance half way around.

"Back with the left.

"Mind you keep your step in time.

"Swing right back.

"Don't be slack.

"All join hands and balance in a line."

It is almost needless to add that there was a great deal of extra amusement created by those who did clever jigs and break-downs in a dance of this kind.

The music at these dances was usually of good quality. Some of the musicians who played while young Benton Harbor danced were George and Charley Babcock, Pap Scott, colored barber, Dodge Reed, shoemaker (he played the clarinet). Fred Wurz and orchestra, of St. Joseph, were quite often engaged to play at the higher class entertainments.

George Babcock undoubtedly drew the bow across the bridge of his violin at more dances in the village of Benton Harbor than any other musician that can be named, with the possible exception of his brother Charles.

It was customary to give a dance occasionally at some country home, in the winter season. At these

dances sleigh-riding parties would gather and make merry.

Public dances in the country were held frequently at Kayus Haid's ample home in Bainbridge. At one of these dances, where a large crowd had assembled, there was considerable confusion, owing to the lack of system, as to who was entitled to the floor. Mr. Haid, himself, thereupon took charge of arrangements and issued pasteboard numbers, which probably were the first dance tickets ever used in this region. It was while Kayus Haid was acting as floor manager that a certain young man created a great deal of laughter. As to Mr. Haid, no one from town ever did seem to know how to pronounce his name correctly. Some wags turned it around and called him "Hayus Caid," and others, "Kius Hite." The latter name—Kius Hite—was the term generally used. At this dance, one young man, having missed getting a ticket, hastened into the room and inquired:

"Highest Kite, when is it my turn to dance!"

Mr. Haid laughed as heartily as did all present on the dancing floor.

The old-fashioned dances were pleasant social affairs.

At the parties of the lads and lassies, kissing games were popular. "Button, button, who's got the button?" was not a kissing game, and therefore

it was not played so often as "blind man's buff," "drop the handkerchief," or "postoffice." The youngsters were frequently admonished by their elders to be careful and not play those kissing games. As a substitute, a new game was introduced. It was named "Albert Hawks," in honor of Mrs. Plummer's brother, who had recently arrived from the East. It was a dignified and pleasant pastime. The boys and girls learned to enjoy this game equally as well as the others. Among the comedians at these parties (and each boy tried to be exceedingly funny) there were some who were very clever.

The first theatrical entertainment to appear in the village of Benton Harbor was "Milton's Paradise Lost." This scriptural panorama was greatly enjoyed by the audience. Then followed the Peake family of bell ringers. They were a Niles organization, and were so well liked by the people of Benton Harbor that they always drew a large audience whenever they appeared here. They came to Benton Harbor ever season thereafter, to give one or two nights' entertainment, and were always greeted with an enthusiastic welcome. The company included Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Peake, their daughter, Fanny Peake, about six other musicians and a comedian—Jeppe Delano. The entertainment they gave was a musical one of the highest order. Here is a brief description of it: When the curtain

arose, a long table was seen covered with a white mantle. Upon this table there were a great number of bells, of various sizes. The company came out upon the stage, and after bowing gracefully to their audience, began lifting up and quickly putting down each bell, ringing from them the most bewitching musical tones in harmony. Some of the work of the great masters in music was performed on these bells. Jeppe Delano was a popular comedian. He was a character actor and singer of charming personality and ability.

The Peake family retired from the theatrical profession after a prolonged and successful career. They settled down to a comfortable home life in Niles. Ex-Alderman Delano of Niles is the same Jeppe that the people of Benton Harbor admired as a comedian. One enthusiastic citizen named his buggy horse in honor of Mr. Delano. When ever George Wilson would say, "giddap Jeppe," that horse would go some.

The Swiss Bell Ringers came to Benton Harbor occasionally. They always gave a good entertainment, very similar to that given by the Peake Family.

A literary and dramatic club was organized by home talent in 1874. It was named "The Saturday Night Literary and Dime Entertainment Society." Entertainments were given once a week in Robbins'

Hall. As the admission price was only one dime, a full house was always played to. When they presented "Ten Nights in a Barroom" there was not even standing room left for late arrivals. The play was repeated on several nights, and the home talent did so well that the local folks generally felt very proud of them. Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Jones were members of this company; also J. O. Rowe, Jeff. Modie, C. E. Reeves, Charles Ogden, A. Wiley, Charles Foster, George Ricaby, Charley Bowe, Julia Ogden, Mate Beecher, and others.

Charles Ogden played the character "Sammy Switchell," the heroic fellow in Simeon Slade's saloon, and he did it in a manner that won repeated applause. He was a clever fellow. As snare drummer in the original Benton Harbor Band. Charley Ogden could attract more attention, especially from the small boys, than all the other musicians collectively. He could beat the drum in a way entirely his own. His sister, Julia Ogden, was equally gifted with musical talents. She later became Mrs. Spencer Van Horn. The Ogden family were one of the first families that settled in Benton Harbor. Their farm homestead was on the road now known as Empire Avenue.

The Saturday Night Literary and Dime Entertainment Society gave some of their plays in the new Central School Hall, but this hall was so far out of town that the audiences were not so large there as at Robbins' Hall.

Katie Putnam, Harry B. Emery and J.A. Simon, were stage favorites in Benton Harbor, in village days, and later.

A movement to organize a cornet band met with favor and support from the people generally. The Benton Harbor Band became a locally famous institution. The credit for this enterprise is due to Rush Brunson, a younger brother of the pioneer, Sterne Brunson. He organized and trained all the musically inclined young men in the village. Thus the original Benton Harbor Band won the hearts of the people, and left a record for popularity that succeeding Bands have striven to emulate.

Rush Brunson was a cornet player of grand ability. He gave his services freely to promote the success of the Band. He was also in great demand as a cornet soloist at entertainments. A high class entertainment could be arranged on short notice where Rush Brunson gave cornet solos, and the Kneeland brothers sang their charming songs. The following are the names of the members of Benton Harbor's first band:

Rush Brunson, leader; Allen, Rufus and Horace Brunson (nephews of the leader); Lewis Burridge, Homer Portman, Edward Burr, Porter Johnson, Irving Colby, Edward Brammall, Charles Ogden, Henry Diamond, Alfonzo Vuylsteke, Dodge Reed, Frank Burr, Fred Hopkins, and others who were members later.

There were twelve, or more, cornet players; Charley Ogden played the snare drum; Henry Diamond, the bass drum; Al Fonzo, the piccolo, and Dodge Reed, the clarinet.

The Band was in demand on public occasions, especially on the 4th of July. On the following day, the 5th of July, they always gave a steamboat excursion to Michigan City for their own benefit as an organization. These band excursions on the 5th were popular, and well patronized, especially by merchants and clerks who had toiled on the 4th.

Benton Harbor's 4th of July celebrations were always of the most patriotic and powder exploding kind. A salute of thirteen guns at sunrise opened the cannonading for the day. From that hour until midnight there was considerable strenuosity. Citizens would get out their old army muskets and shotguns early in the morning and fire salutes in honor of the day. The sound of firecrackers could be heard in all directions, with the occasional heavy roar of cannon. The cannons were the old-fashioned muzzle-loaders. Great wads of cut grass and bunches of hay were rammed into a cannon behind the power charge. When fired, the wad presented the appearance, somewhat, of a sizzling shell. The village government owned a six-pounder brass cannon that had seen service in the civil war. One 4th of July, while the local volunteer artillery com.

pany, under the command of Calvin Colgrove, a wagon maker, were firing the cannon on Main Street, opposite the American House—pointing east towards Ox Creek—the gun burst at the breech. Colgrove's hair, which was long and wavy, and red, was singed and some of it blown off, but fortunately no one was seriously injured.

It was customary for the people to assemble at Hunter's Grove, on East Main Street, in the afternoon of the 4th, and listen to the reading of the Declaration of Independence. Speeches were made eulogizing the glories of our Nation. The Band played patriotic airs, Rush Brunson rendered cornet solos, and a glee club quartet sang stirring songs. This feature of each 4th of July celebration was greatly enjoyed by all the people generally.

Another feature of the old-time celebration was the annual snologoster parade. The snologosters were boys and men wearing masks and costumes. Under the direction of leaders they would march or ride on horses through town.

This manner of helping to celebrate the glorious 4th appealed so strongly to John McAllister that he determined to put forth the biggest snologoster parade and burlesque entertainment ever seen on earth. And he did. A few weeks previous to the 4th he began his preparations. He had some handbills printed and posted in prominent locations:

"All who wish to join the Snologosters for a 4th of July display, see John McAllister."

It soon spread like glad tidings of great joy among the young men in the basket factories, in stores and offices, and on the farms, that for fifty cents up to five dollars any one could be a snologoster under the leadership of John McAllister. Each one was guaranteed a costume to hide his identity, and a horse to ride on, or the snologoster band wagon to ride in.

We will never forget that 4th of July morning when the great gathering assembled at John McAllister's farm home on Empire Avenue. It seemed as if all the youths of Benton Harbor and surrounding country were there, with some older men for good measure. John McAllister had imported from Chicago a large stock of Ku-Klux-Klan wearing apparel. This was doled out to the applicants, and a rehearsal followed, amid much merriment.

In the afternoon, all were present again. The great cavalcade moved out, and began a march that should be recorded upon the pages of snologoster fame. The procession moved in the following order:

Great Chief.—With three arms, the extra arm dangling flipity-flap at the back.

Grand Mogul.—With long linen duster, a wig, and a face humorously serious looking.

Second Grand Mogul.—With large ears, and a face of a simple simon variety.

Father Abraham.—With a profusion of gray hair, long flowing gray beard, and seated high in a chariot.

Snogoster Band in wagon seating about twenty musicians. Their musical instruments were tin horns of various kinds and cast-iron drums. They each wore a different colored uniform, and their mask faces were foolish-looking.

Next in line were an old darky and negro woman riding in a cart drawn by a bony horse, with ropes for harness. The woman carried a parasol above her head that had been so much torn it supplied no shade. "Topsy's Sunday Out" was lettered on the side of the wagon. The antics of this couple created a great deal of merriment.

A long line of snogosters on horseback followed, riding two abreast. Their costumes varied from attractive looking knights in armor to the silliest clowns ever seen on a horse. There was a tribe of Indians; their chief displayed a lettered sign, "Bring on your westpointers."

The identity of some of these snogosters may be of interest to the reader. The leaders were:

Great Chief.—John McAllister.

Grand Mogul.—Col. Ward.

Second Grand Mogul.—Jap Rowe.

Father Abraham.—Gus Bisbee.

Band Leader.—Johnny Stevens.

Indian Chief.—Tom Kinney.

Darkies.—Chris Tully and Lafe Fenton.

To record the names of all who participated in that snologoster parade would be impossible in this narrative.

The procession moved down Pipestone street to Main street, thence east to Sixth street, thence north to Territorial street, west to Water street and south to Main street to Colfax avenue. It happened that Benton Harbor had no regular celebration that 4th of July. After the snologosters had entertained the local crowds, the great chief decided to move his command to St. Joseph, where a regular celebration was in progress. Before starting, a special program was arranged. The grand mogul prepared a snologoster speech; the second mogul would call the roll. Accordingly a squad of the snologosters were given each the name of some well known man in St. Joseph and Benton Harbor.

John McAllister rode along the line and the cavalcade moved forward across the marsh, on the old Plank Road, across the river bridges and up the hill into St. Joseph. A halt was called near where the exercises of the day were held. The snologosters formed a circle around their chiefs while the grand mogul delivered an oration. In his gesticulating address he told where the snologosters came from (some mythical place, like fairyland), their object in life was to make all good people happy; but they came forth from their native jungle on only one day in each year, the glorious 4th. The second

mogul called the roll. This was enlivened with humorous allusions to prominent men. When called each snologoster thus named would arise in his saddle and answer "here." Some of the prominent citizens who were burlesqued happened to be among the spectators; but they had to "take it;" and they did, good-naturedly.

St. Joseph's citizens treated the snologosters royally. When the exercises were over, word was passed around that the business men had invited the snologosters to come into their stores and be treated to cigars or anything in the line of refreshments. The great chief accepted too much liquid refreshments, and occasionally he could be seen galloping his horse in various directions. The majority of the snologosters returned to Benton Harbor early in the evening, and just as they were riding into town their lost leader came galloping across the Plank Road, whooping and singing.

It was a great day for the snologosters.

CHAPTER VII.

Winter Sports.—Ice Skating.—Long Trips Up the Paw Paw.—Some of the Experts.—Hannah Parmelee, Champion Girl Skater.—Roller Skating.—Rink the Social Center.—The Bicycle Appears.—“Circus Day.”—Boys Are Captivated by the Circus Attractions.

ICE skating was a favorite winter pastime. The canal basin was used as a skating rink. The St. Joseph river was another favorite resort for skaters, as was also the Paw Paw river. It was customary for the skaters to go on long excursions, starting from the canal and skating in single file, forming a straight line a half mile or more in length. From the canal the head of the line would turn to the Paw Paw, and when once on this zig-zag river the skaters enjoyed the novelty of going ‘round the bends. These trips would sometimes take an entire day, so thoroughly did the skaters enjoy the many adventures on the long journey and back.

Excursions up the St. Joseph river were less popular with the Benton Harbor skaters, for the reason they were somewhat afraid of a meeting with St. Joseph skaters. There was considerable ill feeling between the towns and when ever these

skating bands met there was sure to be a fight. These affrays, on several occasions, became so fierce that the combatants unloosed their skates and used them as weapons to slam upon the heads of their opponents. Happily, this rival community warfare gradually passed away, and long before ice skating had gone out of fashion the skaters of Benton Harbor and St. Joseph mingled gleefully together on the ice of the St. Joseph, the canal and the Paw Paw.

There were a few very expert skaters who were wont to show off their skill before admiring crowds. Among these, Edward Brammall and Irving Colby were the stars. Brammall was the acknowledged champion skater. He could do some very fancy stunts on the ice. Irving Colby was almost as expert. There was a young woman of the name of Parmelee—Hanna Parmelee—who was not only a very attractive skater but was said to be the champion woman skater of Michigan. The Parmelee family lived on a farm homestead near Riverside. There were four or five sisters and brothers in this family but none of them could skate so expertly as could the elder sister, Hanna. It was her custom to always keep her skates attached to a pair of skating shoes. Upon arriving at the river bank she would exchange her shoes, putting on the ones to which the skates were attached, and sending one of her brothers back home with the discarded shoes.

Then away in long graceful strokes this queen of the ice glided down the Paw Paw. No skater of those times used so long and graceful a stroke as did this young woman. During her trips down the Paw Paw the inhabitants of that region were wont to exclaim, "there goes Hanna Parmelee," and there would be a rush of home folks to windows and doors to gaze with admiration upon this wonderful skater. On the canal rink Hanna Parmelee performed evolutions with other fancy skaters.

In 1885 roller skating became more than popular, it developed into a craze. A large rink was built by Charles Goodrich and Wm. Rowe, on Pipestone Street, near Pleasant Street. A polo club was organized and this club played some great match games with clubs from other towns. The roller rink was the social center. The evening entertainments were society affairs. All the elite congregated there, as did also the common folks, Quite a number of heart affairs, resulting in some weddings, are traceable to the roller skating rink. Some of the roller skating stars of those days were; Will Wolf (later known as W. F. Wolfenden), Ed. Kolman, Mart. Wood, Walter Rounds, Harry Allen, the Misses Maud Hall and Minnie Worden, and the Misses Brunson and Langley. They were all expert skaters as well as society leaders at the rink. The Saturday evening masquerades were delightful events.

The following is copied from a picture card program of the roller rink:

"Compliments of Goodrich & Rowe, proprietors of skating rink, Benton Harbor, Mich.

Program

Wednesday evening, March 18, 1885.

8:00, Music, Waltz.

8:15, " Polka.

8:30, " Schottische.

8:45, " Exhibition by Maud Hall and Minnie Worden.

9:00, All Skate.

9:15, Exhibition by Walter Rounds.

9:30, All Skate.

9:45, Music, Grand March.

10:00, Dancing in center, waltz.

10:15, Polka.

10:30, Good Night.

Look out for the Grand Masquerade Saturday evening, March 28th. W. E. Wolf, Manager."

Before the roller skating craze passed away, the bicycle was ushered in. The first bicycle in Benton Harbor was ridden by Ed. Smiles. Smiles was a clerk in J. W. Weimer's drug store on Pipestone Street. He imported a bicycle from England. It was a large and very high wheel. He gave daily exhibitions on this high wheel, and was looked upon as a wonderful performer. With his innovation,

Ed. Smiles, as handsome as his name is pleasant, was the bicycle hero of the village.

The bicycle became very popular here a few years later, but not until American manufacturers began turning them out at a price low enough to permit their purchase by those fortunate ones who had a fairly good bank account.

The bicycle craze lasted about ten years, and then fell to so low an ebb that a good wheel could be purchased for one - fourth the former price. The bicycle is used now mainly by workingmen. To the workers it is a valuable aid in getting to the workshop and home again.

On "Circus Day" all hands on the farms, and in the basket factories and cooper shops, would quit work for that afternoon, and go to the show. Circus day was somewhat similar to the Fourth of July as a day of recreation. In the farming districts the govenor of each household would hitch up his best team of horses, right after dinner, and take a full wagon-load of the home folk to town to see the circus. Many of the country people would go to town in the morning, "so as not to miss the parade," and to more fully enjoy all the eclat of the great occasion. Imbibing red lemonade and partaking of dinner in a restaurant, or within a stall decorated with flags and bunting, was a part of the day's program. Throwing rings at nails, where the orator eloquently declaimed: "might as

well try to stop the waters of the mighty ocean, as to try to stop intelligent people from trying their luck on this ring-board; every time you ring a nail, I give you half a dime, and every time you ring the knife, I give you half a dollar," was a source of delight to the rubes. Yankee Robinson's circus was the first circus the boys had ever attended and it was "the best show they ever saw."

The old time, one-ring circus, wherein performers attired in bright and glittering spangles exhibited their skill in great acrobatic feats, was more pleasing, as an entertainment than the modern gigantic three-ring show. Yankee Robinson was the best circus man of his time, although P. T. Barnum was more famous. Adam Forepaugh (4 Paw) came later with a combined animal show and circus.

CHAPTER VIII.

Wolverines Baseball Club.—The Members.—The Mutuals of St. Joseph.—Interest in the Games.—Other Clubs.—The Old Ball Ground.—The Messengers.—Grangers Defeated by Farmers.—The Mutuals Play Chicago Clubs.—Trap Shooting.—Clark and Brane Contests.

PREVIOUS to 1870, base ball was unknown in the villages of Michigan. The sport, which later became the great national game, acquired some popularity in the Eastern cities of the United States in the years 1868-69.

The first base ball club organized in Benton Harbor was known as the Wolverines. It was made up of the boys and young men of the village, who had been practicing batting, throwing and catching base balls until they felt competent enough in the art of the great game to form an organization that would be representative of the new town's base ball ambitions. This club was organized in the year 1870. The members were:

Charles Dodge, Stanley Morton, Homer Portman, Irving Colby, Al. Thompson, Frank Rutter, Luck Hackley, George Reed, Will Rutter, Payne Harrington, and Connie Hunter.

There were other good players connected with the Wolverines in later years, including Lewis Burridge, George Ricaby, and others.

James R. Clark organized a base ball club in St. Joseph previous to the organization of the Benton Harbor nine, and this move on the part of the rival town acted as a spur toward the organization of the Benton Harbor Wolverines. The St. Joseph club was named the Mutuals, in imitation of the then famous Mutuals of New York. The Mutuals of St. Joseph were a fine base ball organization, and in this respect, as well as in other ways, they were well matched by the Benton Harbor Wolverines. The members of the Mutuals of St. Joseph were: James R. Clark, Frank Pixley, George Malone, Frank Winslow, Charles Gray, Edward Winslow, Louis Hosbein, A. D. Kent, Charles Lysaigh, and Wm. Howard. Other good players were connected with the Mutuals at different times. Two or three of those mentioned were not in the original line up, being too young at that time.

The games played between these rival clubs excited a great deal of interest. In Benton Harbor the games were played on the Morton ball ground on Morton Hill. In St. Joseph the ball ground was located near where the Central school building now stands.

Clark was a high class sportsman and a very aggressive ball player. As to which of these clubs

was the champion base ball organization it is generally agreed that the number of games won and lost by each was about even. The hostility between the towns was so intense that these games were discontinued in order to prevent a greater spread of ill-feeling.

Other clubs were organized in Benton Harbor to give practice to the Wolverines, and the same was done in St. Joseph to amuse the Mutuels. These latter organizations were made up of boys ranging in age from 14 to 16 years. The best club of this class was known as the Shoo Flys. They took that name to be in the vogue of a popular song of the day. The refrain of this song was:

"I feel, I feel, I feel like telling ma,
I feel, I feel, I feel like a morning star,
Shoo fly, don't bother me,
For I belong to Company G."

The Shoo Flys were a great ball club for their ages and sizes (or lack of size). They took great pride in calling themselves the "second nine to the Wolverines."

In St. Joseph there was a second nine to the Mutuels—the Clippers. They were equally as good a boys club as the Shoo Flys. The games between these two boys clubs were great base ball events.

Baseball as played then was somewhat different from the way in which it is played in modern times. The pitching was the straight arm under-

hand toss, instead of the swift, overhand throw, as now used. The latter style of pitching came into vogue, while the players of those days were still in the game. No gloves were used to protect the hands from the impact of the ball, and the man behind the bat, the catcher, had no mask for his face nor a pad to protect his body from foul tips. The catcher who could hold his position through a game without getting a black eye from a foul tip, or an injury to his body from a wild pitch, would congratulate himself on his good luck. To be a catcher required extra ability as a base ball player and superb courage and grit to withstand punishment. Will Rutter, of the Wolverines, would stand up behind the bat and take foul tips in the face and body. He would blink his eyes and wince from the punishment, but never think of quitting. And the same can be said of Jim Clark of the St. Joseph Mutuals.

A favorite ball ground was the one near the old Congregational Church on East Main Street. There was a large vacant space on the west side of the church, and at the south end of this vacant lot stood Hunter's Hill. A batsman who could hit the ball to the hilltop from the home plate, which was close to the sidewalk on Main street, was considered something of a hitter. When playing practice games on this ground a few of the players would occasionally bat the ball to the top of the hill. Luck

Hackley (light negro) had more home runs of this kind to his credit than any other player. John A. Scott, shoemaker, would occasionally leave his bench and go out to play with the boys. When ever Luck Hackley came to bat, Mr. Scott, who always played in the outfield, would hasten up the hillside. Even then he would fail to make the catch, because Hackley would drive it so far over his head that a long chase back on the hill was necessary to recover the ball.

Luck Hackley was the most popular base ball man in the village. He kept the game alive whenever it showed signs of waning. He was so nearly white in color and in features, and so gentlemanly, that his friends, and they included nearly all the people in Benton Harbor, always regarded him as a first-class fine fellow in every respect. His barber shop on Pipestone street was base ball headquarters. He had three brothers, Gus, Bow, and Granny. None of them were ball players. Bow, who was very much of a ducky, was one of the town comedians. He made so much of an impression upon Ben King that the future poet adopted his name as his own nom de plume. When King began publishing his poems in the newspapers the verses were of the negro dialect kind, and were always signed "Bow Hackley." "De Yarf-quake Shakin'," was one of these poems.

Baseball was a popular game in Benton Harbor long after the Wolverines had disbanded. A new ball ground was laid out on the flats, west of town. Young men and boys from the basket factories and stores played the game so continuously that they were said to have "baseball on the brain." The best organized club of this period was known as the Messengers. The club was named in honor of the steamer Messenger, a popular boat of the Graham & Morton Line. One of the best contests played by this club was the game played in Michigan City, Ind., when the local club defeated Michigan City's best base ball talent. The occasion was the annual 5th of July excursion given by the Benton Harbor Cornet Band. A few weeks later an excursion crowd from Michigan City arrived in Benton Harbor, and their base ball team came also, looking for revenge. The game was played on the flats, and resulted in a victory for Michigan City, by a close score.

The Messengers had one ex-Wolverine, Lew Burridge, and one ex-Shoo Fly, Chance Nichols. The other members were: Montelle Winans, Will Resigee, Michael King, Frank Bishop, Alba Ruggles, Arthur Hunter, Bert Simons, and Mont Farnum. Winans and Resigee were pitcher and catcher, respectively. King's sensational catches of fly balls to the outfield were commented on by Michigan City players.

The Messenger Club did not reorganize after one season of play. Some of the players (the catcher

in particular) wanted pay for playing, and as this was not forthcoming, there being no gate receipts at that time, the club disbanded. But there was no lack of interest in base ball. The game was played almost continuously by scrub nines; that is, not regular organizations.

The Granger Society movement was attracting public attention at that time. It was a farmers organization, but nearly every individual felt an interest in it. A local base ball club was then organized and named the Grangers. None of the players were farmers. They enjoyed excursions into the country districts where ball clubs were partly organized, and usually played for prizes, such as bats and balls, and occasionally a keg of foam. These trips into the rural districts were usually taken in the band wagon. The Grangers victories were many, and in consequence their base ball pride was quite monumental. But when they played the Hogue brothers base ball club of Sodus they went down in humiliating defeat. The Hogue brothers base ball club was unknown in Benton Harbor until they defeated the Grangers, and then it was discovered that they were a high-class organization of ball players, and a club that would be a credit to any city.

The St. Joseph Mutuals continued to play the game. Clark kept the club up to its best playing

form by his aggressive and agreeable personality. Games were arranged with Chicago semi-professional clubs. The first of these games was heralded on printed posters as follows:

"Base ball. Lake Views of Chicago League vs. Mutuals of St. Joseph," etc.

This game drew a large crowd, not only from St. Joseph but also from Benton Harbor and surrounding country. The Mutuals were defeated; score, 17 to 11. In this game, Resigee of Benton Harbor played third base for the Mutuals.

Then followed a game with the West Ends, also of the Chicago League. This game was won by the Mutuals. The Dreadnaughts, a famous club of Chicago, were also defeated by the Mutuals.

The line-up of the St. Joseph Mutuals included the following players, all of whom were residents of the village of St. Joseph:

James R. Clark, captain and catcher; Joseph Collier, substitute catcher; Frank Pixley and Wm. Howard, pitchers; Louis Hosbein, shortstop; George Malone, (and later Rollie Snyder) first base; Charles Lysight, second base; Frank Winslow, third base; John Skinner, left field; Ed. Winslow, center field; A. D. Kent, right field.

Trap shooting of wild pigeons became a favorite sport with the expert wing shots of St. Joseph and Benton Harbor.

The first grand event of this kind was a match between James R. Clark, of St. Joseph, and Ed. Brane, of Benton Harbor. Both of these men were experts with the double-barrelled shot gun. This trap shooting event was staged in the sand-hills. The principals and some of the spectators crossed the river in boats. For four hours the guns banged and the pigeons dropped. Quite a number of the pigeons escaped, and some of these birds, slightly wounded, were shot by men and boys concealed outside the boundry lines. The pigeons they thus secured were put into their own game bags. The conditions of the contest called for one hundred birds to each man, double rise. That is, two pigeons thrown into the air at the same moment from different traps. Brane killed more pigeons than did Clark, and was hailed as the winner of the match. He was immediately challenged by Clark to a return match, at a future date. Brane insisted that the next match should be held on the flats in Benton Harbor. This was agreed to by Clark.

It was a bright cold day in October when this shooting match was contested on the flats, in the south end of the village, near the old Britain Road. That region was an open prairie, and an ideal spot for trap shooting. To the right, out in the marsh, there was a tamarack grove, and under the tamarack trees there were dense growths of shrubbery and vines. To the south a small forest of oaks grew

at the foot of the hill. In either one of these wooded spots each escaping pigeon sought refuge, only to fall a victim to the gun of a hidden marksman. Wild pigeons made good pot-pies, and of course the nimrods could not be blamed for improving this opportunity.

An immense throng of men and boys assembled there to witness this match. While arrangements were being completed, and during the necessary delay, there was considerable fun created in one section of the crowd. Sam Hull, attired in a long overcoat, challenged a husky rube from one of the back townships, to a wrestling match. They went at it, with overcoats on, and after a great deal of rolling and tumbling on the ground, Sam finally held his opponent down, and was declared the winner.

After the shooting started, and some of the birds had escaped, James Trimble mounted a box and waving a roll of bills announced, "fifteen dollars on Jimmie Clark!" The bet was taken by an admirer of Brane. Suspicious men were present who were of the opinion that there was a scheme of some kind planned to defeat Brane. He drank frequently from bottles that looked like innocent pop bottles. He acted queerly, as if worried over the prospect of defeat. His shooting was not so accurate as in the previous match. He missed his second bird quite frequently, while his opponent, Clark, continued to drop both birds at almost every rise, rarely miss-

ing. Clark's confident manner and skillful shooting won the admiration of the spectators.

The shades of twilight were settling down over the flats when the last pigeons were sprung from the traps. Clark won the match and two hundred dollars in prize money.

CHAPTER IX.

First Newspaper.—Name Puzzling.—Changes Hands.—Editor Thresher.—Editor Sturtevant.—Editor Reeves.—Tom Hurly Gets a Contract.—The Times Appears.—Capt. Napier on Warpath.—The Palladium Changes Ownership.—R. J. David's Style.—Jackson, a Joker.—Mr. Thresher Again Editor.—He Sells the Palladium to Gilson & Hobbs.

THE publication of a newspaper, representative of the community, and displaying in its date lines the name of the town—Benton Harbor, Michigan—gave additional incentive to the life of the village. The paper was established in October, 1868, by Leonard J. Merchant. It was named The Palladium, and its motto was, *Pro bono publico*, (for the public good). The public, generally, did not like this name, owing to its obscurity, but in time The Palladium became a popular newspaper, especially with the political party it supported (Republican principles were advocated). Not all the people could, or cared to, pronounce the paper's name correctly. It was amusing to hear the home folks say "The Pal-lad-i-um," with the accent on the "lad." The dictionary explains, the word is from the Latin, is pronounced Pal-a-di-um, and means safeguard of liberty. Mr.

Merchant named the new paper in honor of the Hartford (Conn.) Palladium, a great paper, with which he was formerly connected as a printer. At this time St. Joseph had a well known paper called The Traveller. This paper made its editor, Horace Guernsey, famous throughout this part of the State.

Mr. Merchant sold The Palladium to J. P. Thresher. The latter was a vigorous writer. He made the paper thoroughly representative of the enterprising spirit of the village. Mr. Thresher's work inspired enthusiasm, and through his journalistic efforts outside capital was attracted to this locality. To Mr. Thresher is due credit for the first railroad enterprise secured for Benton Harbor. He was ever on the alert to attract to this place enterprises that would benefit the community.

Mr. Thresher was appointed postmaster of the village and retired from the editorial chair. He sold The Palladium to Alvin Sturtevant, of New York. The latter added some new type equipment to the plant, and a quarto Gordon job press. Mr. Sturtevant was a practical newspaper man, being a printer as well as a writer. He came here from the State of New York after pondering over Horace Greeley's advice, (as published in the N. Y. Tribune) "Go West, young man." The Palladium grew in influence and circulation. The paper was printed every Friday on a Washington hand press. This press was capable of printing nearly two hundred

copies per hour, one side of the paper only. The other side was printed in Chicago. It was what was then known to printers and publishers as the "patent outside."

Mr. Sturtevant acquired the habit, in wintry weather, of sitting close to a large hot stove while writing copy for the paper. The stove did good service in its efforts to consume tough wood knots brought in by farmers to pay for their subscriptions to *The Palladium*. During the last winter of Mr. Sturtevant's life he sat beside this stove and wrote good articles about Benton Harbor's advantages and the bright future prospects of the village. He was oblivious of the cause of his failing health. He did not seem to realize that a supply of fresh air in his work room each day would have preserved his stalwart physique from disease and decay. He died from a lung ailment. He left a wife and two little boys to mourn their loss.

His widow sold *The Palladium* to Charles E. Reeves, a graduate of Cornell (N.Y.) University.

Dr. S. M. White, then a youth, learned the printing trade in Mr. Sturtevant's office; as did also Arthur C. Webb, who later became an employe in the Government Printing Office at Washington.

Mr. Reeves, the fourth editor of *The Palladium*, took an advanced position in support of prohibition and the franchise for women. These politics were ahead of the times, and were not in general favor.

That they have won victories in later years proves that Mr. Reeves' political foresight was keener than some of the readers of *The Palladium* would admit in those pioneer days. Although criticised at times rather harshly, Mr. Reeves went along bravely and smilingly. For seven years he edited *The Palladium*, took an active part in business and social affairs, and devoted the columns of his paper to the best interests of the village.

In contrast to Mr. Reeves was the first man he employed to manage the mechanical department of *The Palladium*. This was none other than Thomas B. Hurly of St. Joseph, a printer who learned his trade in *The Traveller* office, and as smart a fellow as he was handsome and accomplished as a conversationalist. Physically, he was of the light weight class, of a somewhat pugnacious temperament, and prone to dissipation.

Mr. Hurly was given a six-months contract. He told his friends this contract was "a good thing, for the party of the second part."

It was while Thomas B. Hurly held this contract that the following incident took place: There was a fruit grower named P.P. Allen. He was interested in one of the steamboat companies. Hurly was doing a large amount of printing for some of the other steamboats. Allen came in to have some hand bills printed. Mr. Hurly took the order. Before starting work on the job the next day he happened

to remember that he heard some one say that Allen was slow; that he never paid any kind of a bill unless sued for it. Mr. Hurly thereupon decided not to do the work, but as he had promised to have it ready at a certain time, he must resort to some strategy. Accordingly, at about the time he expected Allen to come in, he posted one of the boys at a window with instructions to look sharp for P. P. Allen, and when he saw him coming to let him know. (The Palladium office was then located in the Gates & Bell Block). The boy stood on guard duty about an hour when suddenly he sang out, "Here comes P. P. Allen!" Tom immediately stepped over to the job press and took off the treadle. (The press was run by foot power). Allen came up the stairs briskly and inquired if the bills were ready. Tom assumed a mournful expression of countenance and replied:

"Mr. Allen, we have had a bad accident. The press broke down and we can not get it fixed."

Mr. Allen replied: "That's too bad. Ain't there no way to fix it?"

Tom answered: "I have dispatched one of the boys to St. Joseph for a machinist, but I am not certain that he can fix it when he does arrive. You can see for yourself, the motive clamp attached to the wheel shaft is completely disabled, and the press can not be run unless some one turns the fly

wheel by hand, which of course would be a difficult and dangerous thing to do."

Mr. Allen believed every word said, and they both stood near the press looking sadly at it. The two boys in the office pretended they were setting type, but were almost unable to suppress their giggling.

Finally Allen said, "Well, Tommy, maybe you can get it fixed. I'll come in to-morrow."

When Mr. Allen had descended the stairway Tom put the treadle on, and one of the boys continued printing.

The following day the same performance was enacted, only this time Tom told Mr. Allen that he was compelled to write to the Chicago press builder to send over an expert mechanic to fix the press. Allen then took the job to a St. Joseph printing office.

When Tom Hurly's six-months contract expired Mr. Reeves was not downhearted. He employed Sumpter M. White as foreman of The Palladium printing department. The latter was studying dentistry at this time. Olin C. Eastman, a high school graduate, was taken into the office as an assistant to the editor, and he also acquired a knowledge of the printing craft that enabled him in later years to become a successful Chicago publisher. Will Adams of Watertown, N.Y., succeeded Dr. White as foreman. The latter retired from the

printing trade to follow dentistry, his chosen profession. Milliard Bates, James Pender, and Perry Abbott, all learned the rudiments of the printing trade in The Palladium office while Mr. Reeves was the editor.

Thomas B. Hurly, with his brother, Wm. Hurly, started an opposition paper and named it The Times. It was a Democratic paper in politics. It appealed to those people who liked fearless journalism. Scandals were published in savory style. After Tom Hurly had been knocked down by Joseph Weimer (this was the first knock down of The Times editor) he was around town and at his office each day not seriously handicapped by injuries from the encounter, except the inconvenience of having to wear a bandage over one eye.

William Hurly was quite the opposite, in almost every way, to his brother. He was a temperance advocate, of speculative tendencies, and ambitious. People who were most intimately acquainted with the Hurly brothers regarded Tom as the more noble of the two. Will was possessed of an inordinate desire to accumulate wealth by every means available.

When S. R. Hughes, an agent of a steamboat line, approached him with a well-written article criticising Capt. Nelson W. Napier, of St. Joseph, William Hurly published the communication verbatim. It was not signed by Hughes, and therefore

the editor took all responsibility for its publication.

Capt. Napier called at The Times office in a fit of bad temper (he was known as a terrible fighter when in the mood). Al. Thompson, clerk of the steamer Corona, was with his captain. Mr. Napier asked Will Hurly if he was the editor and publisher of the paper. Receiving an affirmative reply the captain asked for a copy of the last issue of the paper. Hurly produced a copy. Napier requested Al. Thompson to read the article criticising his conduct while in Washington in the interest of an appropriation for the St. Joseph harbor. Napier's anger began rising higher as the reader progressed. When that part had been reached which said: "All Capt. Napier did was to show that St. Joseph had not a gentleman," he asked Mr. Hurly if he was the author of it. Receiving an evasive reply, he lost some of his self control, and gripping Hurly with his left hand he drew back his powerful right, but before the blow could be delivered, Al. Thompson clinched his arm and restrained him. Then Capt. Napier said to Mr. Hurly: "You have done me an injustice. I demand that you retract in the next issue of you paper every word of this article and tell the public that you have done me an injustice."

Hurly's fighting grit was aroused from the gripping he had received. His eyes gleamed with the ferocity of a tiger at bay. His right hand was thrust back to his hip pocket as if to draw a revolver.

Thompson, fearing a tragedy, stepped between the two men, and soothed the anger of Napier, telling him to "keep cool, captain, everything will be all right." Napier and Thompson then walked towards the door. Capt. Napier turned around and said to Hurly: "Now, if you don't retract in your next paper and say that you have done me an injustice, I will come in here and throw you and all of your newspaper rubbish out of the windows."

Mr. Hurly decided immediately to put the law on Capt. Napier for assault and battery. He hastened over to a justice of the peace and swore out a warrant. Village Marshal Cush Burr took the warrant, jumped into his buggy, and drove rapidly in pursuit of Napier. The latter was overtaken just when his horse and buggy were entering the gateway of his country home on the St. Joseph River, in Fair Plain. He returned with Marshal Burr, pleaded guilty in court to the charge of assault, paid a fine of five dollars and costs, and then drove home in peace. Hurly exhibited black and blue marks on his shoulder and arm where the powerful Napier had gripped him.

There was no retraction in the next issue of The Times. The paper contained a lengthy article, with scare head lines, which certainly could not have been pleasant reading for Capt. Napier, if he read it. It is probable he did not. The Times office was prepared to meet an attack by the addition of a

six-shooter, 38-caliber revolver. Marshal Burr kept a close watch upon The Times each day. No attack was made.

During the visit of Capt. Napier to The Times, Thomas B. Hurly was absent. In the office with Will Hurly at the time there was a tramp printer, whose name was Robinson Crusoe, and an apprentice boy, whom Crusoe called "the cub." Neither Robinson Crusoe nor the cub desired any participation in a fight with Capt. Napier.

The Times office was located on Water street. It occupied the second floor of a two-story frame building near the alley leading to the canal. Capt. Napier said he would throw it all into the canal.

Now back to The Palladium's history: Mr. Reeves sold the paper to W. H. Marston. The latter was a prominent G. A. R. man. He came near making The Palladium the official organ of the veterans. He did not remain long in the editorial chair. He had interests at Fitzgerald, Ga., a southern colony town of veterans. Marston sold The Palladium to R. J. David, a merchant who conducted a dry goods store on West Main Street.

Mr. David took possession with considerable enthusiasm. It seemed to be his ambition to show the wonderful possibilities of our common language. His diction was superb. His writings were masterpieces of correct expression. His use of long words

and foreign additions to the language was no doubt stimulating to his scholarly mind. The following is an extract from a report of an entertainment which Mr. David and his wife attended. It was written by Mr. David:

"The night, Christmas night, 1879, was dark and dreary; and the mud, in a delectable state of liquefaction, momentarily endangered the immaculancy of recherche toilets."

There was a great deal more to this article, all written in the same dainty, mystifying style. The readers of *The Palladium* were wont to ask each other: "What's the meaning of this word?" and "what does that word mean?" "how d'ye pronounce it?" etc.

Charles A. Jackson was quite a joker. He walked with a limp-step and was the proud proprietor of a cheap john store on Water Street. He advertised: "A shot gun full of lemonade for 5 cents. Don't sell your furs until I have a chance to bid on them. Highest market price paid for skins, St. Joe fellers scalps, furs, hides and pelts. Muskrat skins taken in exchange for powder and shot. Boys, don't forget, a shot gun full of lemonade for 5 cents."

One day he was standing in front of his store with one hand placed tightly over his jaw. A friend asked him if he was suffering from toothache.

"Nope."

"Got the newralgy?"

"Nope."

"Been gittin' a punch in the jaw?"

"Nope."

"What's the matter o' you, then?"

"I've been readin' The Palladium," Jackson explained, holding tightly to his jaw.

Mr. David's career in the editorial chair was short and unprofitable. The next proprietors of The Palladium were Rose & Miley, two ambitious young men from Jackson, Mich. They did well with the paper for a few years. Mr. Rose was a man of magnetic personality. He was familiarly called "Matt" by his associates and acquaintances. A disagreement between the proprietors (they were brothers in law) caused Mr. Miley to withdraw from the firm, and thereafter Matt Rose conducted the paper. It was not long until he found himself in financial distress. He thereupon sought a purchaser for The Palladium. Mr. J. P. Thresher took the business off his hands. Rose was retained by Mr. Thresher as foreman of the mechanical department. Some time later Mr. Rose secured the very desirable position of private secretary to the Hon. Julius Cæsar Burrows, Congressman from the Fourth District, and later United States Senator. Matt Rose and his wife thereafter made their home in Kalamazoo and at Washington, D. C.

Thus for the second time Mr. J. P. Thresher became the editor and proprietor of The Palladium.

The office was then located on the second floor of a frame building on Water Street. The Palladium plant in former years had been located in the Gates & Bell building, on the corner of Main and Pipestone Streets. The plant was now in the same rooms formerly occupied by The Times, which had suspended publication.

Although The Times had ceased to exist, Thomas B. Hurly was running another paper, which he had named The Expositor. His plant was located in the Gates & Bell building.

Mr. Thresher was subjected to considerable "rough stuff" from The Expositor, and, becoming weary of it all, he advertised The Palladium for sale. His advertising, some of which was placed in publications of national circulation, attracted the attention of a newspaper man at Clinton, Iowa. The latter came to Benton Harbor to investigate. He was so well pleased with the town that a deal for the purchase of The Palladium from Mr. Thresher was consummated. Soon thereafter The Palladium changed hands again, and the editorial page revealed the names of the new proprietors—F. R. Gilson & Fred A. Hobbs.

CHAPTER X.

Political Effervescence.—Orators at the Rallies.—Some Political Surprises.—Soldiers and Sailors Reunion.—The Camp Is Named Camp Grant.—Cal. Ward Delivers the Address of Welcome.—Sham Battle Similar to the Battle of Mission Ridge.

PEOPLE in these parts displayed a great deal of political effervescence in all Presidential campaigns. Party clubs, Republicans and Democrats, were organized and drilled in marching evolutions. These rival clubs were wont to display their numerical strength in night parades, with torchlights and flambeaus, on every occasion when a rally was advertised to be addressed by popular orators.

Col. L. M. Ward was a favorite speaker at Republican rallies, as was also George M. Valentine and Victor M. Gore. N. A. Hamilton and Lawrence C. Fyfe, of St. Joseph, could make the welken ring at Republican meetings.

At the Democratic meetings, Al. Potter was usually present, and when called upon for a few remarks, he would pull up his sleeves and pitch in to the Republican party in a manner that never failed to create a great deal of laughter. His

speeches were mainly sarcastic references to the Republicans love for the Negro. In more recent times, Roman I. Jarvis, Wm. C. Hicks, and James O'Hara, were popular orators at Democratic rallies.

The Republican orators had an advantage over their Democratic opponents. The war record of the two parties was amply sufficient to create sentiment in favor of the Republicans. The tariff question—the tariff that had built up American industries—was another factor in the Republicans favor. The war theme, or “the bloody shirt,” as it was called by the Democrats, was utilized as a campaign argument for more than twenty years after the war. The Republicans finally ceased waving “the bloody shirt” and won victories on the issues of the day.

Although the voting strength of the Republicans of Benton Harbor was always sufficient to insure the election of candidates on that ticket throughout the county of Berrien, there were a few instances in which candidates on other tickets were successful. The most surprising and notable of these political changes was when Silas G. Antisdale (Republican) was elected President of the village on a Citizens ticket, in opposition to Marenus A. Bronson, the regular Republican nominee, and Thomas O'Hara, steamboat clerk, was elected County Clerk on the Democratic ticket. Both of these gentlemen were highly esteemed by voters of all parties. Again, in 1888, Mr. O'Hara was elected Circuit Judge

of Berrien County. In this campaign his opponent was George S. Clapp, an attorney of Niles and St. Joseph. Thomas O'Hara received the entire vote of his party as well as hundreds of the votes of his Republican admirers. He served the people of the County of Berrien faithfully and efficiently. Mr. O'Hara was later appointed United States Consul to Nicaragua, where he resided with his family during President Cleveland's administration.

In August, 1885, the soldiers and sailors of Southwestern Michigan held a grand reunion at Benton Harbor. The Camp was named Camp Grant, in honor of the great General Ulysses S. Grant, who had recently died. Camp Grant was located in A. B. Riford's Addition, on the flat near Morton Hill. Twenty-five thousand people attended this reunion. The following comments on the reunion were written by Dr. H. C. Rockwell and were published in a local newspaper—The Wedge:

“The reunion, so much talked of, has come and gone. By the officers of the Association and by every soldier present it has been pronounced a success. Those who have attended the previous reunions universally praise the completeness of the arrangements and, without detracting from the merits of former ones, consider that it has been in every way the most satisfactory of any in the history of the Southwestern Michigan Association.

The place selected for Camp Grant furnished plenty of shade, where the boys could rest and renew the acquaintances of former years, awaken once more the memories of dangers and hardships in the past, and by the brightly burning camp fire recount the deeds of valor and patriotism of those comrades who have answered to "the last call of the roll on high." In the quartermaster's department everything went on with methodical simplicity and exactness. Quartermaster A. M. Randall was never for a moment in the least "rattled," or out of temper, and assistant quartermaster A. Vincent was always on hand to see that all wants were supplied. Quartermaster-sergeant John Randall worked during the entire reunion with a thoroughness and steady attention which insured the completeness of the department. Too much praise cannot be given to this department, which saw that horses were supplied and on hand, tents were up and well supplied with straw, teaming work was done, carriages secured and on hand, and in a general way looked to the wants of the camp with the exception of rations. Adjutant John W. Leslie was in camp, as he is everywhere, right on hand. His duties were military ones, and mounted on the back of his noble gray, he looked, as he no doubt was, every inch the soldier. The officers of the camp speak in the highest terms of his efficiency.

The commissary department, under charge of Ova Nutting, deserved and received the highest

praise from everyone. During the reunion over 15,000 well-cooked and quickly served rations were issued by him and Commissary Sergeant J. M. McCormick. In this were issued 5,000 loaves of bread, 3,000 pounds of fresh beef, 4 barrels of salt beef, 4 barrels of pork, 300 pounds of coffee, 3 barrels of sugar, 200 bushels of potatoes, besides beans, butter, pepper, salt, etc., etc. The faithfulness and ability of the genial cook, Geo. C. Ferris, is worthy of special mention, and if the "surest way to a man's heart is by the way of his stomach," then has he got the good wishes of the soldier boys, for they were loud in their praise of the rations.

Taken altogether it was a grand success, and as contributing to that success the people of this surrounding country are worthy of all praise. Too much cannot be said for the liberality of the citizens of Bainbridge, Hagar, Watervliet, Sodus and Pipestone, who gave willingly, one all, of their abundance. Bainbridge is worthy of especial kind feelings for her exceptional liberality, and other towns were not far in the rear. Potatoes, pork, beans, and almost every kind of provisions were brought in by the wagonload, and instead of "swamping us," as was confidently predicted by some envious people, enough was left to feed a thousand men, and provisions, bread, meat, beans, etc., were given away to the deserving poor. The completeness of the success is due not only to Ben-

ton Harbor, whose citizens donated nearly \$2,000 in money, but to every one in the surrounding country who so generously helped the cause along by work and donations. Among those who are worthy of especial mention are: Hon. A. N. Woodruff and John Krause of Bainbridge, T. N. Perry and Port Clapsaddle of Hagar, Al. Nichols and Rock Edwards of Sodus, Wm. Burton and M. Jennings of Pipestone, Dr. W. A. Baker of Watervliet, John Chivvis of Benton, and many more whose names we have not been able to learn.

Geo. H. Thomas Post, G. A. R., did good service in escorting the boys to the Camp, under the command of past commander Geo. R. Wright. The entire program was well carried out. The practice of D Battery of Chicago was excellent. The sham battle was realistic and fully as successful as is usual in such affairs. The march made a beautiful display, led by the fine band from Cassopolis, which played at headquarters during the reunion. The S. O. V. Drum Corps from Hartford attracted much attention, and the little fellows were universally commended for their fine drill and natty appearance. The public exercises on Thursday were attended by a concourse of people estimated at not less than 10,000. Col. L. M. Ward made the welcoming address, and in his happiest vein told the boys that it was not necessary that he should offer them the liberty of the town, as from his experience of the

old soldiers if they wanted it they would probably take it. Capt. Allen of Battle Creek responded in a short and appropriate address. Mrs. McCann recited a poem which stirred all hearts. Governor Alger made a few well-timed remarks in a pleasant way, complimenting our village. The oration by Col. David Ward Wood is on every hand spoken of as the most eloquent and masterly address ever listened to by those present.

In the election of officers on Friday Col. David Bacon, of Niles, was elected president; Col. L. M. Ward, of this place, vice-president, and R. D. Dix, of Berrien, one of the second vice-presidents.

It is impossible to speak of all who contributed to the fullness of the success. Mr. S. G. Antisdale, Mr. Seeley McCord, Major L. W. Pearl, and Mr. H. C. Morton, of the reception committee, were notably workers and generous with their teams. It would not be right to close this article without giving the executive committee, Messrs. Bronson, Hipp, Kinney, Ward and Shairer, the praise which to them justly belongs. To accept such a responsibility is of itself an exhibition of a good deal of courage, and to carry it out so successfully displays great tact and executive ability. Their work was well done, and so well was the financial part handled that the treasurer, Dr. Rockwell, feels confident that all just bills will be paid in full.

In short, the affair may be written a success, in

big letters, and while a few may not have realized all they expected, yet it is but another instance of the pluck, energy, perseverance and courage of the people of Benton Harbor and vicinity."

The sham battle was enacted on ground situated somewhat similar to that on which the historic battle of Mission Ridge was fought. The "rebel" batteries were located on the extreme end of the ridge of the hills near the Paw Paw bridge. The Union forces were in line of battle in Riford's orchard. The Niles battery, located near the Pere Marquette Railroad, supported them, opening a heavy fire on the enemy. The batteries on the hill (the confederates) belched fire continuously. The lines of blue in the orchard moved forward to the charge. They emerged from the orchard and crossed the road on the double-quick, with bayonets fixed, but before reaching the hill they were met with such a deadly fire from the cannons and muskets of the foe that a retreat was sounded on the bugles. The men in blue retreated in good order, the partly disorganized lines sweeping back into the orchard like a cyclone. The spectators, who had taken positions in the orchard, ran for their lives in front of the retreating soldiers, and escaped being trampled upon by getting over the fences in ever way possible. Again the lines of blue were formed for the charge. This time they went up the hillside under a heavy fire and routed the enemy, capturing the guns and taking all the rebs prisoners.

One of the largest posts present was from St. Joseph. The boys marched over and as they passed under the grand arch, with the city band at the head of the column, they presented a very soldierly appearance.

When the firing became general in the sham battle, the veteran war horse "Frank," the hero of sixteen bloody battles, could hardly be restrained, so eager was he to see what was going on at the front. His pictures sold rapidly.

An old artillery piece, known as the Niles Battery, which during the war was captured by the rebels at the battle of Chicamuga, and was recaptured again by the union troops at the battle of Mission Ridge, was an object of especial interest to all. This old six-pounder did its last and final work of war in the sham battle at Benton Harbor's grand reunion of civil war veterans.

(The above notes on the soldiers reunion are copied from The Wedge, a local newspaper of that period).

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Potter Gets the Times.—A Poem.—Challenged to a Duel.—Times Changes Ownership.—Tom Hurly Starts the Expositor.—Criticism of the Israelites.—Expositor Changes Hands.—Thomas B. Hurly Founder of Many Local Newspapers.—The Wedge Appears.—First Street Cars.

THE Hurly brothers sold The Times to Alvin Potter. There were two of the Potter brothers, Calvin and Alvin. Both of them were St. Joseph lawyers, prominent Democrats, and they had engaged in many a wordy war with their Republican opponents. As public speakers at Democratic rallies, Cal. or Al. knew how to stir up an audience.

When they secured a hold on The Times they moved the plant to rooms on West Main Street, second floor, over John Thomas' shoe store. In the first issue of their paper there were some uncomplimentary allusions to the editor's foes. An original poem, entitled "Owed to Horace," was published. Following is an extract from this poem:

"OWED TO HORACE."

Bulky, burly, bulbous bub,
Swab your ears and hear the rub
I'll give you now for nuthin'.
You were a source of discontent
To every honest sentiment
And well deserve a cussin'.

You were a dimecrat, by cripe,
So long as you could stuff your tripe
 With dimecratic loot.
You sniffed cheese across the fence
And skated from the dimmies thence
 To get that in your goot."

Cal. Potter was the author of the poem. It was unsigned, and Al., whose name alone appeared as editor and publisher of *The Times*, was challenged by Horace Guernsey, of St. Joseph. One of Mr. Guernsey's friends delivered the dueling challenge to Potter. No duel was fought, because Mr. Potter turned it all into a joke. As he was the challenged party, he could choose the weapons to be used, according to the dueling code. His choice was, shot guns loaded with rock salt, the battle-ground to be in the sandhills. Mr. Guernsey let the matter drop.

Mr. Potter did not remain very long in the editorial chair of *The Times*. He sold the plant to Arthur C. Webb. The later was assisted in the editorial work by his father, Prof. J. R. Webb. The *Times* sanctum became the meeting place for some of the leading fruit growers of this vicinity. Prof. Webb was a popular authority on horticultural matters, as well as an author of school books that established a new and improved method of teaching the younger children. The *Times* publishers could not make the paper profitable, and they suspended its publication after about one year's experience.

Tom Hurly's *Expositor* gained a circulation of 1400, a figure that was pointed to with pride by the

publisher. Exposure of deeds that are usually kept out of print was the popular feature of the Expositor.

The House of David people, who were then known as the Flying Rollers, received their first criticism in this vicinity from Tom Hurly's Expositor. The following article was clipped from the Expositor at that time and preserved in a scrap-book:

"Kill the Frauds. — Some months ago there came to this place an old man named Comming. He was a Scotchman and claimed to be "commissioned" by the president of a college in that country to come to America and preach the doctrine of what is called the House of Israel. He plied his vocation here very quietly, but the old chap was a shrewd one and his efforts soon bore fruit. As near as we can find out he worked into the good graces of Albert Baushke, a good citizen and an honest man. He found a stopping place at Baushke's house, where he gathered a certain class about him of a Sunday, and to them he "preached" from a manuscript a terrorizing sermon well calculated to rope in the superstitious and unwary. Commings left here some three weeks ago, but not until he had induced quite a number of families to advertise their property for sale and promise to accompany him to some remote land where he claimed, so we are told, that a number of "God's people," he being the agent employed to corral the flock, were building

an ark, immediately on the completion of which the Almighty would pour out the vials of his wrath on a wicked world and every living creature therein (except old Comming and his gang of suckers in the ark) would perish. Last week another self-constituted envoy of the Lord appeared in town to keep up the excitement created by Comming, and see to it that none of his "converts" went back on their purpose to sell out and take steerage passage in the ark. He advertised to preach at Conkey's opera house last Sunday afternoon and again at the same place in the evening. In the afternoon he had a small audience whom he succeeded in rendering thoroughly disgusted with his senseless twaddle. E. C. Clay, the buss man, challenged him on some of his utterances regarding the Bible, and the fellow was made to display his inherent ignorance. In the evening a somewhat larger audience turned out to hear him and many left the hall in disgust, while many who remained felt like taking the critter to the canal and throwing him in for thus shaming Almighty God. We are sorry for the citizens who have allowed themselves to be victimized by this pair of frauds, and hope they will be induced on second thought to throw aside the yoke they have foolishly put on and return to their legitimate avocations, wiser men and women. Should they not see fit to respect this, our advice, in this matter, bear in mind our prediction that when too late they will

see the trap into which they stepped and sorely repent their error. Gentlemen, if you are bound to make fools of yourselves, for God's sake do not draw your families into the mire with you and compel them to shoulder part of the odium, to which you yourselves should lay full claim. Rouse from your stupor, expel these false gods from your house, and make up your minds to again become men among your fellow citizens. May God Almighty open your eyes and enable you to see the error of your way before it is too late, is the earnest prayer of your friend, the Expositor, Amen."

The Expositor did not take kindly to the street railway project. It's editor made the following prophecy:

"This week the survey was made and stakes laid for the proposed street railway between this place and St. Joseph. The Expositor is of the opinion that this enterprise will be a curse, rather than a benefit to our village, and if the right of way has not already been given through the village, the board, as an act of justice to our business men, should deny giving it. If the right of way has already been secured and the road be built as proposed, we now venture the assertion, and let time prove us right or otherwise, that it will prove anything than a benefit to the business interests of the village. The novelty of a bob-tailed car will

soon pass away and Benton Harbor people who lent their aid or in any manner countenanced the construction of the road, will be slow to acknowledge they ever had anything to do with it."

The street railway became an important factor in the welfare of the two towns, and in time it has developed into one of the best street railway systems of the country.

The *Expositor* was sold to Lardner & Hearn, a newspaper team from Niles, Mich. Jack Lardner and Sam Hearn were very genial fellows. They could not make the business profitable, however, and becoming financially distressed, they transferred *The Expositor* back again to Mr. Hurly. The latter again sold the paper, this time to a stranger in these parts named Wilson. He remained in the business long enough to get burned out. In this fire all of the back numbers, or files, of the *Expositor* were destroyed. Tom Hurly purchased what was left of the plant, the press and some type, and in company with his brother William, and their two families, immigrated to North Dakota, where they became publishers and land owners. T. B. Hurly was postmaster at Bow Bells North Dakota for a number of years, under Republican administrations.

Thomas B. Hurly was the founder of many newspaper ventures in Benton Harbor — *The Times*, *The Investigator*, *The Argus*, *The Daily Gazette*,

and The Expositor, all arose and flourished for a time under his management.

1885 another weekly paper was founded. It was named The Wedge. The publishers and editors were John M. Chisholm and James Pender. The name "Wedge" was chosen for this paper by Charles W. Vernon, a member of the drug store firm of Dr. John Bell & Co. It is probable his middle name was Wedge, or Wedgewood, hence his choice of name for the new paper. There were two other papers here at that time, and the name Wedge may have been chosen for the new paper by Mr. Vernon as being appropriate for a paper entering so crowded a journalistic field. The Wedge was printed on an army hand press in the office of Chisholm brothers, printers, in the Bell Block. It gained a circulation of about six hundred copies weekly. It's complete and accurate reports of all important local events won for it a goodly following. It encouraged new enterprises of merit, and devoted considerable space to the new street railway project. When the stree cars began making regular trips, The Wedge, in it's issue of Oct. 16, 1885, contained an illustration of a street car drawn by horses weth the following write up:

"The street care line between Benton Harbor and St. Joseph may now he said to be a success. The curves of the track have been thoroughly over-

hauled and put in good condition by a competent engineer, and the cars commenced to make regular trips on Saturday last. [Oct. 10, 1885.] As is usual on Saturdays, Benton Harbor was crowded with people and teams, and the street cars running back and forth, accompanied by the merry tinkle, tinkle, of the bells, gave this little city a very metropolitan appearance. Everybody seems to rejoice on beholding the street cars in successful operation.

“On Sunday the cars did a very successful business. The day was a beautiful one, and crowds of people were out amusing themselves, the principal feature of enjoyment being a ride on the street railway. The cars made regular trips every twenty minutes, and each car was laden with a merry throng of people from both towns. The utmost good feeling prevailed, and every one seemed to cherish the sentiment that Benton Harbor and St. Joseph were at last united, and that the street car track was the link that bound them together. Old fogysm must now take a back seat; those creatures who delighted in rupturing the friendly relations between neighbors, and in fostering enmity between towns that should be harmonious in sentiment, will hereafter be frowned upon, and the good people of St. Joseph and Benton Harbor will henceforth unite in neighborly fraternity-

“The street cars are a great convenience to the traveling public, and they will be highly appre-

ciated, especially in the cold days of winter. They are very comfortable to ride in, running along smoothly, and the windows are low, which gives the passengers a good view of everything along the route. There are two cars, each having a seating capacity for about twenty persons, and the running time is so scheduled that when one leaves Benton Harbor the other leaves St. Joseph, and both meet and pass each other at the switch, near the bridge. There is no conductor, except the driver, the whole thing being under the driver's supervision. The cash box is located near the front door, and on entering the car the passenger observes a modest sign, which reads, "Pay Here," and as the fare is but five cents, that amount is dropped into an aperture at the top of the box. The passenger then takes a comfortable seat. The arrangement, it is claimed, is so perfected that no one can "beat their way" without being detected, even if there were anyone mean enough to attempt such a small trick. Over fifty dollars, in nickles and dimes, were deposited in the cash box on Sunday last."

In connection with its other good features, The Wedge gave space to a school department, which was edited by Miss Ella Parrette. Principal George J. Edgecumbe originated the plan. All three of the local papers, The Palladium, The Expositor and The Wedge, gave space to a school department, each with a separate editor. It was interesting reading matter, especially to pupils, teachers and parents.

The following account of a polo game is taken from the Wedge, dated April 17, 1885:

“The game of polo at the rink Tuesday evening was a very amusing performance. Doc. Ballenger’s team of ‘Greenhorns’ crossed sticks with Ed. Brammall’s gang of—well, we don’t know what this team is called, but for want of a better word they may be styled ‘Mugwumps.’ The game was for the championship of B. H. On time being called, Will Walker and Ed. Plimpton rushed and struck desperately at the ball, but unfortunately missed—that is, missed the ball—but Will got in a good one on the chandlier hanging above, and a shower of glass being knocked into the cage, a goal was claimed. The referee, who had money bet on the other side, wouldn’t allow the claim, and decided, ‘no goal, nix cum rouse.’ The game now began in earnest. ‘There was racing and chasing on cannibal lea.’ Some one hit Linus Chadwick a whack with a shinny club and our hero was knocked clean into the cage, which but a short time previously he was so valiantly guarding. ‘Goal,’ was yelled on all sides by the enthusiastic players—pointing at Chad, struggling in the netting. The referee, who had been betting again, having now even money on both sides, yelled, ‘goal she is!’ great uproar in the gallery. Ed. Plimpton measured his length on the floor quite often, and did a great deal of kicking.



Some one said he was trying to make a goal by kicking the ball in, but others, that knew all about the game, said he was kicking at the referee's decision. All the players did well in about the same manner as those mentioned, and this game of polo, played as it was by inexperienced players, created more side-splitting laughter than punch and judy or a negro minstrel show. The score stood 3 to 1 at the finish in favor of Ballenger's Greenhorns. They were challenged to a return match by the Mugwumps."

The Wedge remained in the field about one year and a half when it suspended publication. The Expositor had gone out of existence a few months previously. Gilson & Hobbs were now conducting The Palladium, and a new era in Benton Harbor journalism had arrived.

CHAPTER XII.

The Fair of 1885.—Best Display Ever Shown Up to That Date.—Floral Hall a Scene of Beauty With Specimens of Art and Industry.—A Prize Baby Show.—A Local Newspaper's School Department Notes Reprinted.

THE Seventh Annual Fair of the Northern Berrien County and Michigan Lake Shore Agricultural Society, held in October, 1885, was a great event in the history of this Association and of the village.

The Fair that year was the best exhibition ever given by the soccity up to that date. The entries in all departments were first class, no poor exhibits of any kind being allowed to enter. The horses, cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, etc., on exhibition were specimens of the best that could be procured. The exhibits in Floral Hall were fine specimens of nearly every art and industry known in this part of the country.

Enthusiastic interest was taken in the Fair by all the people of the village and surrounding country during the four days exhibition, On Friday, the last day of the Fair, a Prize Baby Show created as much interest as did the closing scenes of the horse

trotting race in which Razor B and David C were the principal contestants.

The following comments on the Baby Show are copied from a local newspaper of that day:

"The Seventh Annual Fair closed Friday, after four days of successful exhibiting. Friday came and with it came the rain, which set in early in the morning and continued in a steady drizzling shower all through the day, and although the bad weather kept many people indoors, it did not interfere with the progress of the Fair. Nearly two thousand people were on the grounds in the afternoon, all bent on seeing the Baby Show and the races, in spite of the rain.

At 2:30 o'clock the Baby Show took place. There were twelve babies on exhibition, and of these the following five won prizes:

First Prize.—Mrs. Grant's baby, of Coloma,

Second Prize.—Mrs. J. S. Morton's baby.

Third Prize.—Mrs. Dr. Bastar's baby.

Fourth Prize.—Mrs. Dade's baby.

Fifth Prize.—Mrs. Frank Burr's baby.

The prizes were: First, five dollars; second, four dollars; third, three dollars; fourth, two dollars, and fifth, one dollar.

The Baby Show created a great deal of merri-ment, and everybody present in the grand stand was so anxious to see the "Prize Babies" that Mr.

S. G. Antisdale, President of the Fair Association, carried the pretty little infants, one at a time, around among the audience, and all had a good view of them. One spectator (a bachelor) said he could not see any difference between them prize babies and any other babies."

The following interesting school notes are copied from a local paper, dated October 16, 1885:

"School Department. Conducted by Miss Ella Parrette. To the editors who have allowed us a column of their interesting paper the school extends its hearty thanks. It is not that the works of our school are so meritorious that we desire publication, but we wish our patrons to know something of the nature of our exercises.

Four of the members of the Senior Class have decided to remain another year, in order to make work lighter, and to enter certain courses in the University. We feel the need of them deeply, but as seven is the perfect number, we are content with that many stars in our crown.

After much worry and excitement, coaxing and teasing, the maps have finally been returned from the Fairground, through the generosity of two of our young gentlemen, who were so excited at receiving the first and only premium, that they did not stand on their heads but stood the map on its head, which being interpreted, hung bottom side up.

If the city authorities do not drain Pipestone Street the children who attend the High School will soon have feet as Washington Irving would say, 'webfooted like unto a duck,' on account of the watery element in which they are so much exercised.

The following fable was read by Miss Cora Weimer at our chapel exercises:

A Fable.—'Twas a bright, beautiful morning in early June. All nature had been astir for many hours, and even the old elm tree was awake, its boughs waving gracefully to and fro, as the sweet summer breeze played among them. It bent low and lovingly over its old friend as if to shelter it, still the gate slept on. At last a gentleman came by and gave her a vigorous push. She awoke with a creak and a groan, and looking up, beheld the sun riding high in the heavens, heard the birds singing and the bees humming. She tried to rise, but with a sob and another groan, fell back in a state of helpless exhaustion. Good morning, my friend, said the tree; but tell me, why have you o'er slept yourself; and are you not well that you moan and groan so? I am as well as I shall ever be, but I have already been on duty too long, I fear, for my bones are getting old and stiff. Why, said the tree, you are not so old as I, and see I am as strong and youthful as ever. The birds love me as of old, and,

even this morning, they sat on my boughs and twilled their sweet songs. But tell me, why are you so feeble this morn'ing? Why am I so feeble? I wonder if you, in your strength and grandeur, would not feel weak and infirm, if for half the night you had been kept awake by the ceaseless clatter of two young persons, and not only that, but had supported the weight of both during that time. Who could it have been, and what did they say? inquired the tree; but I saw no one. One would not naturally see with their eyes closed, snapped the gate. I will tell you, but you must lisp it to no one, for if they thought if I were exposing their secrets, they would never trust me again. You know of late, the gentleman who comes here has been quite attentive to the lady of the house. I saw them coming up the lane last evening, and supposed, of course, they would stop for a confidential chat, as usual. But not so. They stood over me, he telling her the old, old story which is said to be ever new to the young. But I am old, you know, and it took him so long, and it grew so monotonous to me, that it seemed as though I should certainly fall over. But when I thought of the confusion it would cause, how her father, on hearing the alarm, would come, and of what would follow. I bore it as best I could, and you now behold what is left of me. But what did he say to her? inquired the tree, breathlessly. If you ever had a lover, said

the gate, you may imagine the course of the conversation. But if you never had one, you will never know from me, for I would not waste my precious breath in repeating such nonsense. I only hope it will never be my lot to endure such torture again. This said, he turned over to nature's sweet restorer, 'balmy sleep,' to awake, let us hope, in a better mood. The old tree bent lower its branches, and gently fanned the sleeper, rejoicing in his inmost heart that he was born a tree instead of a gate.

And so ends my story, a story devoid of both subject and moral. The best advice I can give is, if you would not write a fable, NEVER be a senior.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Daily Palladium.—Mr. Gilson Its Founder.—The Advertisers.—Mr. Hobbs Retires From the Palladium.—Other Writers.—“Mac.” the City Editor.—He Found the Evening News.—The Daily Palladium Suspends.—Combined Into News-Palladium.—The Banner-Register’s History.—Mr. R. J. Jarvis in Journalism.

THE Daily Palladium was launched on the local sea of journalism in the spring of 1886, by Frank R. Gilson and Fred A. Hobbs. At that time there did not seem to be a large enough field here to insure success for a daily newspaper. The new comers, however, were possessed of an abundance of enthusiasm, and their optimistic view of the future of Benton Harbor was exceedingly pleasing to the people of this lively town. Skeptics there were who volunteered the information that “the daily paper, maybe, could manage to live during the summer, but when winter came, and industries generally closed down, the daily paper would likely have to suspend, for lack of patronage.” For all of these doubting ones the smiling editors had a ready stereotyped reply: “We will keep the Daily Palladium going unless a cyclone strikes it.”

The publication of this daily newspaper, under auspices that presaged success, was Benton Harbor’s

next step forward towards metropolitan achievement. F. R. Gilson was an able newspaper man. He wrote left handed, a peculiarity seldom seen in clerical work. He had been trained in the mill that handles the grist for daily newspaper readers, and he knew the work thoroughly. This talent, together with his generous, affable disposition, assured a bright future for his venture in the field he had chosen. He had an able and popular assistant in his business partner, F. A. Hobbs. The new daily made a "hit" at the begining of its career, and steadily grew in power and influence. Newsboys sold it on the streets, and other boys delivered it to regular subscribers at 10c. per week, A force of ten printers and assistants were employed to get the paper out on time each day, All typesetting was done by hand. The linotype machine was unknown at that time. The first issue of the Daily Palladium appeared on May 1, 1886. It was four pages, six colums to the page, "all printed at home." A cylinder press was installed in the press room, with a printing capacity of one thousand copies per hour. The motive power was from a steam engine. The Palladium office was then located on Pipestone street in the building next south to the Jones & Sonner Block. On the first page of the initial number appeared the editor's introduction, as follows:

"Greeting,—The Daily Palladium herewith makes its salutation, in the hope that it may find

favor with the public, and be welcomed by the newspaper patrons of Benton Harbor and St. Joseph. We make no promises of supplying a great want—either ‘long-felt’ or of recent origin—believing that the time is ripe for a permanent enterprise of this character in this vicinity, and that these twin thriving towns will appreciate and sustain that modern necessity in all progressive communities, a daily newspaper. We venture no promises, except that it shall be the constant and earnest endeavor of the publishers to furnish the best and latest report of current events, improving the paper and enlarging its sphere of usefulness as opportunity appears. ‘With these few remarks’ we respectfully submit our initial effort to public inspection. If you are pleased with it, and desire to give the paper a trial, its daily visits to your home or place of business may be secured on application.”

Advertisements of business houses appear in this first number of The Daily Palladium as follows:

M. A. Bronson, clothing.	Vincent & Fitzsimmons,
J. A. Crawford, crockery	hardware.
Russell & Reist, grocery.	Morrison & Cullinine,
C. W. Teetzel, Jewelry.	dry goods and clothing.
J. E. Dunbar,	O. B. Hipp,
meat market.	gents' furnishings.
J. F. Todd, boots and shoes	C. M. Edick, hardware.
Graham & Morton,	J. C. Cole,
propeller Lora.	veterinary surgeon.

M. J. Vincent, sewing machines.	G. W. Platt, Jr., gasoline stoves.
Wm. A. Brown, real estate.	Eldridge & Robbins, lumber.
S. B. Van Horn, dry goods.	

The St. Joseph advertisers were:

Martin's Palace of Trade.

Ed. F. Platt, hardware.

Louis Kolman, jewelry.

H. W. Jennings, furniture.

The Daily Palladium steadily grew in favor with the townspeople. Its success was assured after it had passed through the first year of its existence. On its first anniversary a magnificent special edition was sent out. This special edition contained interesting "write ups," with half-tone illustrations, of Benton Harbor's institutions, its ideal location for industrial enterprises, shipping facilities, societies, churches, etc.

The Benton Harbor Development Association was organized. A genuine progressive movement began from this date. The Spencer & Barnes mammoth furniture factory located here, followed by the Buss Machine Works of Grand Rapids. Other similar industries of a kind that provided employment for workers all the year 'round located here. New brick blocks were erected displacing many of the old frame landmarks of early Benton Harbor.

Patrick Yore built a grand opera house on the

corner of Territorial and Sixth streets. This location was formerly the Miller-Reprogle homestead. The Miller home, a story and a half cottage, was surrounded by a garden where grew vegetables and flowers. Mr. Miller was a carpenter, as was also Charles Hamlin, whose home was in that vicinity. They and their families, together with Al. Hamlin and family, were among the first pioneers. Joseph Frick built a brick block adjoining the opera house.

Yore's grand opera house, although somewhat in advance of the theatrical patronage of the village, was an inspiration to men with capital looking for building investments. J. H. Graham built the Graham Block on the location formerly known as "cheap corner." A two-story frame building had occupied cheap corner since the early days of the village. On this corner there had been dry goods stores from time to time, and later Fred S. Hopkins started his drug store there. On the second floor of cheap corner, the original photographer of Benton Harbor could be found. A. Coates could be found there in readiness to take pictures unless he happened to be over at the Palladium office arguing on important topics of the day. Coates' art gallery displayed a large array of tintypes showing the local people of village and countryside in their best clothes. Adjoining this corner building there was a smaller frame building on cheap corner. This was occupied by Charles A. Jackson with his soda

water fountain, second-hand clothing, jewelry, skins of animals, powder and shot, and hunters and trappers supplies.

A mammoth block was erected by Graham & Morton on their Water Street dock property. The Daily Palladium was moved to this building, where its business office and equipment occupied four rooms and a basement. Previous to moving to this new building there had been a disagreement between Mr. Gilson and his business partner. Mr. Hobbs thereupon retired from The Palladium and engaged in other business. Mr. Gilson employed thereafter as his editorial assistants a various number of writers. Mr. O. A. Shauman, Will Root, and R. P. Chaddock, were employed at different times as reporters. Desiring to improve The Daily Palladium, if possible, Mr. Gilson went to Detroit and secured the services of a bright young writer of that city. J. W. McEachren came to Benton Harbor in company with his employer and was immediately installed as city editor of The Palladium. His office was in the alcove room on the second floor of the new Graham & Morton block. From this position, "Mac," as he was called by his associates, could look out of the window and "see all that was going on in town." He was a clever newspaper writer, with a tendency to sarcastic humor. He served in this capacity three or four years, when for some reason, he received notice that his services

would be no longer required after a certain date.

After Mr. McEachren had left The Palladium he accepted a position on the editorial staff of a newspaper in Northern Michigan. There were some people here who quietly hinted that the late city editor would return some day and work in opposition to The Palladium. He did return, and later started an opposition daily paper.

Roy R. Gilson, only son of the proprietor of The Palladium, succeeded McEachren as city editor. He was instructed in the work by his father. A reporter, Ira A. Smith, was employed to assist in news-gathering. Later, Roy Rolfe Gilson developed literary talent of the meritorious kind that wins recognition. He retired from The Palladium and engaged in magazine short story work in New York City.

R. P. Chaddock was recalled by Mr. Gilson to the position of city editor. Mr. Chaddock served efficiently on the editorial staff of The Daily Palladium. He was later elected to the office of City Clerk on the Republican ticket and thereupon retired from newspaper work.

The Evening News, under the management of J. N. Klock, who had purchased the paper from Mr. McEachren, advanced steadily into the favor of a large number of the local public. This paper's popularity continued to grow to such an extent that The Palladium was seriously effected.

Mr. Gilson sought political office within the Republican party, the party he had served long and faithfully. He was disappointed. That he felt his defeat keenly was evidenced in his changed manner, and personal appearance. His hair, which had been the color of the raven's wing, turned, as if over night, to almost snow white. His health failed. The Daily Palladium steadily declined with its founder, and both went out of existence in 1904.

Puritan Lodge, Knights of Pythias, passed the following resolutions on the death of Mr. Gilson:

"Whereas, our brother Knight, Frank R. Gilson, has crossed the divide which separates them from eternity and has passed to the everlasting morning.

It is therefore resolved, that by his decease, Puritan Lodge has lost a brother, who by his daily life fully exemplified the principles of our order—friendship, charity, and benevolence; the community has lost an upright and useful citizen, one whose life should be to all both an example and an inspiration. It has already been said of him, that there are no chapters in his social life which we would desire to blot out; no act over which the mantle of charity need be thrown.

He was gifted by nature with unusual ability, which he supplemented with patient industry. In his profession of journalism his constant aim was to instruct and elevate. He was a fearless champion of any cause he believed to be right, but he never

used poisoned arrows; he hated wrong because it was wrong, and loved truth for her own sake. His religious opinions were broad and catholic. He doubtless believed with Whittier:

‘I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.’

The flowers which covered his casket were genuine tributes to his worth from sorrowing hearts; but they were not more beautiful than his life and character.

It is further resolved, that the charter of our Lodge be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days, as a tribute to his memory. That the press of the city be requested to publish these resolutions; that the same be copied in the records in this Lodge, and that the engrossed copy be sent to the family of our deceased brother.

G. M. Valentine,
Geo. W. Bridgman,
J. O. Rowe.”

Mr. J. N. Klock came to Benton Harbor from Owosso, Mich., where he had been engaged in newspaper work. He purchased the struggling Evening News from J. W. McEachren, and for a few years thereafter experienced and conquered difficulties that would have caused a less resourceful man to give up in despair. In his characteristic

quiet way he displayed extraordinary ability as a writer, manager, and business man.

The two papers—The Palladium and The Evening News—were later combined into the News-Palladium. Mr. Klock retired from newspaper work in 1910 to engage in other business in Benton Harbor. He disposed of all his newspaper interests to E. W. Moore, the present editor.

In 1883, the Benton Harbor News, a weekly paper, was established by Abram Ricaby. The name of the paper was changed to Berrien County Banner in 1890. The Banner was published by Ricaby & Webb. Mr. Ricaby sold his interest in the newspaper to his partner, Arthur C. Webb, in 1892.

Mr. J. N. Reed came to Benton Harbor from Illinois and purchased The Banner in 1894 from Arthur C. Webb. The name of the paper was changed to The Banner-Register. Mr. Reed successfully managed and edited The Banner-Register during a period of time covering seventeen years. He was an energetic newspaperman. He built up the circulation of his paper so extensively that nearly every rural household in this region of Berrien County became readers of The Banner-Register. Mr. Reed retired from newspaper work in 1911. He sold his publishing interests to Mr. E. W. Moore of the News-Palladium.

Roman I. Jarvis founded a weekly newspaper in 1897, which he named The Benton Harbor Times. The office of The Times was in the Yore Block on Sixth Street. Mr. Jarvis made The Times a popular paper with the Democratic party throughout Berrien County. He was assisted in the publication of the paper by his brother, Edward E. Jarvis. Mr. Jarvis, after seven years of editorial work, sold The Times to Mr. Harkrider, of Niles. The latter moved the plant to Quincy, Ill.

Roman I. Jarvis was honored by his party when, on three different occasions, the Democracy of Berrien County nominated him for Representative in the National Congress from the Fourth District of Michigan. His Republican opponent, Hon. Edward L. Hamilton, of Niles, was the successful candidate in all of these campaigns.

Mr. Jarvis was appointed Postmaster of the City of Benton Harbor in 1893, and served in that office three years. During his term of office Mr. Jarvis is credited with securing the free mail delivery system for Benton Harbor.

CHAPTER XIV.

Sailing Vessels.—The White Fish.—The Lewis Addition.—Agitation for Boundary Change.—City Charter Struggle.—Party Lines Forgotten.—Charter Granted.—Mr. Hobbs, First Mayor.—County Seat Struggle.—Special Election.—St. Joseph Wins.—Substantial Aid From Benton Harbor.—Towns United in Sentiment for All Time.

A popular sailing vessel, one that was regarded as a home product, was the two-sails and jib schooner Cora, commanded by Captain Linus Chadwick. The vessel was built here and named in honor of Miss Cora Hull, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hull. The schooner Cora sailed to some of the most distant ports on Lake Michigan, often with invited passengers on board. Some of Benton Harbor's citizens, who loved adventure, could not resist the call of the sea whenever the schooner Cora was preparing to clear from port, with Capt. Chadwick on deck. The vessel was frequently caught in heavy seas and terrific squalls, but this ship, which was no common craft, always safely "weathered the gale." Another home vessel, the Lizzie Doak, was owned and commanded by Capt. Charles Wickstrom.

St. Joseph village possessed quite a number of sailing vessels of large dimensions, and a great fleet of smaller sailing craft, or fishing boats, of the one sail and jib type. The fishermen of St. Joseph dwelt in cozy shanties on both sides of the river. With their staunch little sailing boats they ventured far out at sea on the great lake, where nets were set and other nets laden with fish were hauled aboard. The bulk of the fish captured were the highly prized white fish. Thousands of these delicious pan fish were unloaded at the docks of the fish houses each day. The fishing industry at St. Joseph was one of the interesting sights of the village in the days of the white fish. Some trout were caught and occasionally a huge sturgeon. Another fish, called "the dogfish," a sort of fresh water shark, was frequently netted with the white fish. It was not used for food and was thoroughly hated by the fishermen.

The white fish are no longer found in Lake Michigan. They are caught now only in Lake Superior. The cause of their disappearance from these waters is puzzling to fishermen.

The St. Joseph River was navigated in the interests of commerce before and after Benton Harbor was placed on the map. Capt. John Wallace was one of the earliest pioneer sailors on the river. He commanded a boat that made trips between St. Joseph, Berrien Springs, and Niles.

Capt. Barnes commanded the tug Daisy Lee. This tug was employed towing steamboats, laden with peaches, out of the canal and harbor to the lake. Capt. Barnes later commanded a ferry boat line between St. Joseph and Benton Harbor. When he retired from this work he was succeeded by Capt. William A. Boswell. The ferry boat trip through the canal and across the St. Joseph river was a delightful journey for the people of the twin cities.

The developement of the village of Benton Harbor was rapid after the establishment of a newspaper in 1868. Subdivisions were surveyed and platted into lots. J. E. Miller, a stalwart six and a-half-footer, and surveyor by occupation, was a conspicuous figure in all of this work. One of the first subdivisions platted was that known as the B. C. Lewis Addition. It was on the flats, the east boundary line running along Seventh Street (now Colfax Avenue) and extended westward to the edge of the marsh. There was a demand for these lots. It was generally believed that this property was the best investment in the village for home seekers. A high board fence encircled the subdivision and the meadow land within this enclosure looked very attractive, although in spots rather sandy. When the purchasers discovered that all of these lots were in St. Joseph Township, and they would have to go

over to the rival town and pay taxes, there were people who regretted that they had not made their investments in the woods on the hill around Britain Road (now Britain Avenue). The St. Joseph taxes were a burden to these lot holders. St. Joseph village, unfortunately, had become the victim of a heavy railroad bonded indebtedness. These lot buyers felt themselves further victimized when they discovered that there was not a clear title to some of the lots in the Belmont Lewis Addition. Geo. S. Clapp, and later Chas. W. Hall claimed title to the property. In addition to paying heavy taxes for the meager benefits received these lot holders were compelled to spend a great deal of money in their efforts to procure clear title to their holdings.

From the homes of these people sprang the agitation that finally succeeded in removing the objectionable boundary lines west to the river. This was not accomplished, however, until Benton Harbor had secured a City Charter, and the struggle for that Charter is an interesting part of local history.

In the political campaign of 1890 the quarrel between the towns was given more attention by voters in Berrien County than the issues of State or Nation. A Representative of the First District was to be elected to the State Legislature. Benton Harbor was striving for a City Charter, and with it would follow the annexation of that part of St. Joseph Township lying on the Benton Harbor side

of the St. Joseph River. St. Joseph citizens were striving with equal energy to prevent the loss of this strip of land.

In the Republican County Convention that year there was a serious split in the party, on this question. Benton Harbor delegates put forward the name of S. L. Van Camp for Representative, a gentleman of well known worth and ability. He was opposed by the rival town delegates. The Convention, composed as it was of delegates from twenty townships, was about equally divided in support of the two contending factions. St. Joseph delegates proposed the name of Herbert L. Potter, of Oronoko Township, for Representative. It required eight ballots to decide the choice of the convention. The neutral delegates, or those from outside townships, voted at times for Mr. Van Camp, and on other ballots for Mr. Potter. The later was nominated on the eighth ballot. Benton Harbor's delegates returned from the convention defeated, but not discouraged. There was another convention to be held soon thereafter. That was the Democratic Convention. The local Democrats were wide-awake to their opportunity. They nominated Dr. H. C. Rockwell, of Benton Harbor, for Representative.

Dr. Rockwell was well known throughout the County, and highly esteemed. In the election that followed he received the solid vote of his party (except in St. Joseph) and in addition the substan-

tial support of the Republicans of Benton Harbor and Benton Township. He was elected to the Legislature, defeating the rival town's nominee. This was a political surprise to some people, because the Republicans, when united, had always elected their candidate for representative from this district.

The Legislature of 1891 had Benton Harbor's City Charter bill before it. A proposition was advanced by representative men of the two towns to consolidate into one city, and end the strife. On February 11, 1891, representatives of the two rival towns met at the State Capitol at Lansing and came to an agreement to consolidate. The House Committee on Municipal Affairs at the State Capitol listened to the arguments put forward by both sides. Benton Harbor's delegates solicited the independent City Charter, for which the townspeople had striven so unitedly. The rival town delegates took a new position. They extended the olive branch of peace and proposed that the two towns be incorporated into one city. They offered, if necessary, to abandon the time-honored name of their village, and were in favor of a new name for the new city. Benton Harbor's delegates were partly won over to this proposition. Thus the matter rested. When they returned home, however, they were criticised quite severely by the townspeople generally. The later declared that consolidation was impossible. Under a one city charter it would be "a city of two

ends and no middle." Not until all that vast vacant land lying between the towns were built up could there be one united city. Another petition, headed by the President of the Village of Benton Harbor, S. G. Antisdale, praying for a City Charter, and opposed to consolidation, was so numerously signed and so well presented at the State Capitol that the House Committee on Municipal Affairs reported favorably, and granted the Charter.

Thus Benton Harbor secured the City Charter. Fred A. Hobbs was elected Mayor of the new city. There was rejoicing similar to a real jubilee.

In the meantime, St. Joseph citizens had also circulated a petition opposing consolidation, and the proposed changing of the time-honored name of the village. A City Charter for St. Joseph was prayed for by the petitioners. In good time this prayer also was granted.

Thus ended, for all time, the thirty years of warfare between St. Joseph and Benton Harbor. The street railway had linked the two towns together commercially and socially long before their municipal differences had been adjusted.

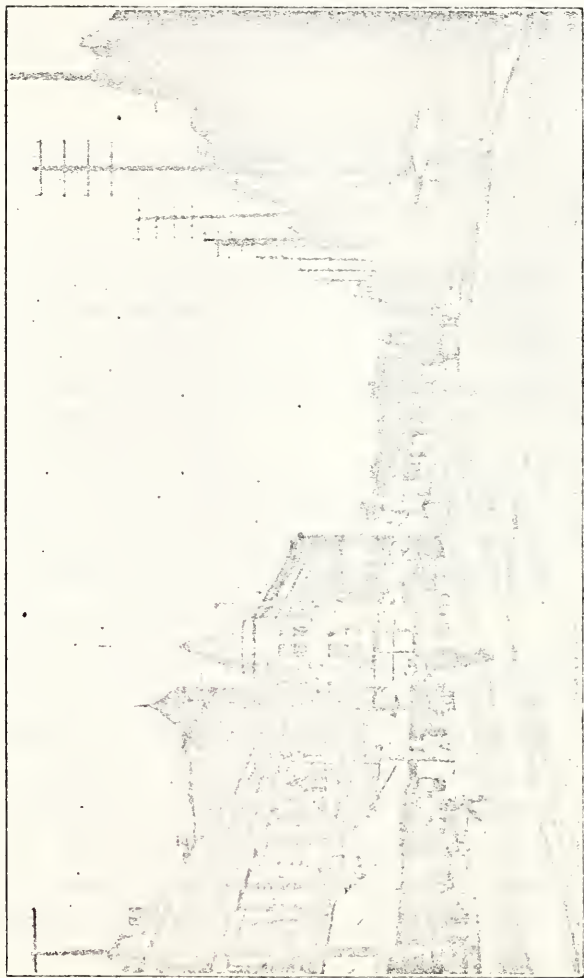
Another factor that strengthened the feeling of friendship and good will between St. Joseph and Benton Harbor was the county seat struggle in 1892.

An agitation, the object of which was to create sentiment in favor of the removal of the County

Seat from Berrien Springs to St. Joseph, was begun and approved of by the people of the twin cities. Berrien Springs people made strenuous efforts in behalf of their village, and strove to prove that it was, as it always had been, the ideal place for the Court House, because of its central location in the heart of the county. Niles, and other towns in the south end of the county supported Berrien Springs in this contention. St. Joseph's representatives put forth strong arguments in favor of that city. The principal objection to Berrien Springs was the inaccessibility of the town. It had no railroad facilities. Attorneys and others having business at the county seat were compelled to journey in a stage coach, from the Big Four railroad depot at Berrien Center, to get to the Court House. In stormy weather the roads were muddy; in many places there were great water holes; bumps on the way jostled the coach; the interior was frigid in wintry weather, and altogether the stage coach trip was not pleasant. One attorney, Al. Potter, contracted a severe cold while on one of these trips to the Court House and died of pneumonia. Berrien Springs was given time to secure a railroad, but was unwilling or unable to do this. They seemed to believe that the county seat was there, anyhow, for all time. The agitation for removal grew to such an extent that meetings were held and addressed by eloquent speakers of St. Joseph and Benton Harbor. In the

south end of the county the people were stirred equally as much in their opposition to the proposed removal. The citizens of Niles declared that if the Court House must be moved at all it should be placed in Niles.

A special election was held, and all voters in Berrien County were given the opportunity to vote on the question. Considerable excitement was displayed, and intense interest felt in the result of the balloting when the polls closed, on the election day. A great crowd of voters gathered in the office of The Palladium, where returns were received over the wires. Editor Gilson was in his element. In his best humor he predicted the probable result, and was kept busy figuring up the returns as they came in from each township. Watervliet, Coloma, Hagar and Bainbridge each gave a majority for St. Joseph. Niles, Chickaming, Weesaw, Oronoco, and other southend townships, gave a majority against removal. Niles city's big vote was solid against removal to St. Joseph. Some of the other twenty townships in the county were about equally divided. For a brief span of time it looked as though the removal proposition were defeated. When Benton Harbor's vote was announced—one thousand and three hundred, solid for St. Joseph—with only six against, there was uproarious applause, which was taken up by the crowd outside and re-echoed through the streets. This demonstration was repeated,



BENTON HARBOR IN 1914. MAIN STREET, LOOKING EAST FROM COLFAX AVE.

PREFACE TO HISTORICAL SELECTIONS.

The following sketches, written by some of the pioneers of the earliest period of Benton Harbor village, are interesting and instructive. These stories are selected from different sources—county histories, newspapers, etc.

Ed. B. Cowles' Directory of Berrien County, published in 1871, gives the surprising information that in 1837 St. Joseph Township included all the territory which later became Benton, Bainbridge, Watervliet and Hagar townships.

The next selection is from a history of Berrien and Van Buren Counties published in 1880. This sketch tells how Benton Harbor was born on the wave of a flood. The three pioneers, Brunson, Morton and Hull, are mentioned as the promoters of the canal. Mr. Hull wanted to establish the town on the St. Joseph River, and to the day of his death was doubtful that a mistake had not been made.

“The Story of the Canal,” by J. E. Miller, the engineer who did the work, is intensely interesting. The canal was to be one hundred and fifty feet wide, and was so platted and recorded upon the map. When eighty feet wide, the committee decided to leave it at that width for awhile. The committee later regretted this decision, for when the U. S. Government took control of the waterway the width of the canal was left permanently at eighty feet.

“Pioneer Days in Berrien County” is an interesting historical paper. It was contributed by W. L. George to the News-Palladium in 1904.

“An Early Settler’s Recollections.” This interesting sketch is an interview with Henry C. Morton in 1895.

Other sketches of a miscellaneous historical character are included in this compilation, including the names of the presidents of the village, mayors of the city, postmasters, and supervisors.

HISTORICAL SELECTIONS.

BENTON ORGANIZED AS A TOWNSHIP IN 1837.

From a Berrien County Directory, Compiled by Ed. B. Cowles in 1871.

Benton was organized as a township in 1837, soon after Michigan became a state. Previous to that year St. Joseph township included Benton, Bainbridge, Watervliet and Hagar. The first election in Benton was held in Millburg, which had been laid out as a village in the spring of 1835, by Jehiel Enos and Amos S. Amsden. Mr. Enos was one of the very first settlers of Benton.

Eleazer Morton came from the East to Kalamazoo in 1834, and to St. Joseph in '35, locating on the land now occupied by Henry C. Morton. At that time L. L. Johnson lived on the bluff where Chas. Hull resides, and a man by the name of Dalton lived on the Kline place. These were the nearest neighbors. The increase of the population and wealth of Benton was slow for several years, probably for the reason that the

sandy soil along the lake shore was regarded by the early settlers as unproductive and almost unfit for cultivation. In 1845 the population of the township was only 237. At this time Mr. Morton had a peach orchard in bearing, and he had in '41 sold his crop of peaches to Captain Boughton for one dollar per bushel, so that the shipment of fruit from this place began thirty years ago.

The fact that peach orchards in the vicinity of the lake were never injured by the severe weather which frequently destroyed the fruit further inland, and the fact that a good market was near at hand and a good price was realized, making the cultivation of fruit remunerative, began at length to draw the attention of men to this locality. One of the first to engage extensively in the growing of peaches was George Parmelee, who set out a small orchard of two acres in 1848, enlarging his orchard from year to year until it embraced over ninety acres. He sold his farm a few years since for \$43,000. The Cincinnati orchard, the largest peach orchard in the State, was set out in 1857. Sterne Brunson bought eighty acres of land, which includes part of the village of Benton Harbor, in 1859. Thirty

years before, he had visited St. Joseph for the purpose of buying land and engaging in fruit growing, but receiving discouraging reports in regard to the country from Major Britain, he returned to Elkhart and bought a farm, remaining there until the year above named.

A great change has taken place in the appearance of the country since '59. Then forests of oak and beech covered the land, with only here and there a clearing, where now are fine residences, beautiful avenues and bearing orchards. A village was laid out in 1860 on the flat near the marsh, by Sterne Brunson, B. C. Lewis and others, and it soon became known as Brunson Harbor. The first lot sold in the village was the one now occupied by Gates and Bell. It was sold for \$60 on six years' time. The second lot sold was the one next east, for \$50 on five years' time.

A village on this side of the marsh and a canal from the river to the village had been contemplated by the older settlers, but the idea had no sooner entered Mr. Brunson's head than he prepared to commence work, and he entered into it with his whole energy, and no man has done more for Benton Harbor than Mr. Brunson.

Sterne Brunson, Henry C. Morton and Charle

C. Hull were appointed a committee by the citizens of Benton to obtain subscriptions for a canal, but the heaviest part of the burden fell upon the committee, who also superintended its construction. The contract for digging a canal twenty-five feet wide and eight feet deep was let to Martin Green of Chicago, and the canal was finished in '62. The first boat to enter it and come up to the village was the schooner J. C. Shank. At the close of 1861 the village had a dry goods store, under charge of Charles J. Smith. H. L. Harris was selling groceries; M. G. Lamport was dealing in watches, and Hatch & Durry were doing business where Robbins is now located. In 1865 the name of the village was changed to Benton Harbor. During the last four years the canal has been widened to fifty feet; warehouses, substantial business blocks, and stately residences have been erected with a rapidity unparalleled in the history of Berrien county. New plats are added to the corporation and placed on the market. Land that could have been purchased ten years ago for fifty dollars per acre is now sold for a thousand. The first church (Congregational) was erected in 1868. Since then the Baptists and the Methodists have erected beau-

tiful and commodious houses of worship, and a large Union school house has been completed at a cost of \$20,000. The people have secured a railroad at a cost of \$16,000, and there seems to be little doubt that another road—the Elkhart and Lake Michigan road—will be completed in a few months. The next movement will be the improvement of the water power of the Paw Paw river.

One thing for which Benton Harbor is remarkable, and the one thing which has made it what it now is, is the spirit of unison existing among its citizens, whether their efforts are directed to the digging of a canal, to the erection of churches or a school house, to the securing of a railroad, or to a revival of religion, the work in hand is always entered upon with an energy that is certain to make the work a success.

The population of the village is 800. The population of the township, including the village, is 3,116, an increase since '64 of 1,434, or 85 per cent—a larger per cent of increase than in any township in the county. The assessed valuation of real and personal property for 1870 was \$499,845.

BENTON HARBOR BORN ON WAVE OF FLOOD.

From a History of Berrien and Van Buren Counties,
Published in 1880.

It was before the war that Benton Harbor was established. It was the hand of Providence that sent a flood sweeping down through the St. Joseph valley and made the river a mad and mighty stream, overflowing its banks and tearing out all bridges that dared to span its path. This was in the year 1858.

At that time St. Joseph was the principal trading point in this part of the state. Wheat was the principal crop and the farmers hauled their crop from Paw Paw and Kalamazoo to St. Joseph for shipment. The bridge was washed out in 1858 and the market was cut off.

A meeting of St. Joseph citizens was called to discuss the matter of rebuilding the river bridge. Two men from the east side of the river ferried over and attended the meeting. They were Henry C. Morton and Charles Hull. The meeting was somewhat heated and the St. Joseph people decided that they could not afford to build their own bridge. Mr. Morton and Mr. Hull came home sick. The entire population on the east side

of the river was sick. They were cut off from market and many of them wanted to sell their farms. The late Albert James was so discouraged that he wanted to get rid of his farm at any price and move away.

The night that Mr. Morton and Mr. Hull returned from the St. Joseph meeting they did not sleep. They thought of plans and Mr. Hull wanted to establish a dock and start a town at Major Britain's dock bridge, and it had deep water. The next day conferences were held with Mr. Bronson and other citizens and the idea of the ship canal was agreed upon and these three men took up and did the brunt of the work that brought about the canal as a reality. But to the day of his death Mr. Hull was doubtful that a mistake had not been made when the city was not established on the St. Joseph river.

Later when it was necessary to widen the canal the township voted \$5,000 of assistance and J. F. Higbee and J. P. Thresher did most excellent work in carrying the bonding proposition.

The credit of originating the ship canal idea has variously been attributed to the three founders of the city—Morton, Bronson and Hull. In a letter written by Mrs. Mary A. Raymond, a

sister of the late Henry C. Morton, who lived here in the early days of Benton Harbor, the following statement is made:

“I recollect very well in 1837, the year that Judge Conger moved from St. Joseph over on his farm, which was the same farm that Mr. Bronson bought in 1855 or '56. Several of us were gathering hazel nuts on the very spot on which Mr. Antisdale's house now stands when father, Major Britain, and Judge Conger came up onto the hill and stood looking out to the lake through the mouth of the river. They had pencil and paper and were discussing where a ship canal could be cut through to the mouth of the river. That was my first recollection of the subject.”

FIRST OFFICERS OF THE VILLAGE.

Samuel McGuigan was the First President of the Village of Benton Harbor.

Following is the history of Benton Harbor as given in a book called a "History of Berrien and Van Buren Counties," printed in 1880:

The founding of Benton Harbor village followed the building of the ship canal. It was laid out in 1860 by Henry C. Morton, Sterne Bronson, M. G. Lamport, B. C. Lewis, Martin Green, Charles Hull and others and was named—after one of the most active promoters of the canal—Bronson's Harbor. In 1865 the name was changed to the present title as being a more suitable term. The greater portion of the business is transacted on the flats, the adjacent bluffs being occupied by handsome residences and public edifices. The first building was put up by Fred Spallinger in 1860 and was occupied as a grocery. Later in that year Captain N. Robbins erected what might be called the first good building and which was used as a public hall. The first hall or building for public gatherings was built by the Russells and was

destroyed by fire. In 1868 and 1869 the first good brick block was put up by Bronson, Johnson and Reynolds. It is three stories high and generally known as the Reynolds Block. Soon after other substantial business blocks were erected and from year to year a good class of buildings are taking the places of the wooden structures of the early years of Benton Harbor.

In the early part of 1866 Sterne Bronson circulated a petition praying the board of supervisors to incorporate the village under the general law, as it had the required number of inhabitants and the general good of the place would be promoted by such a measure. At a meeting held by the citizens for this purpose, Henry C. Morton, Samuel McGuigan, A. B. Riford and Sterne Bronson were appointed a committee to present the petition before the supervisors, and although some opposition was manifested towards the measure the prayer was granted and the first election for village officers was ordered to be held at the White schoolhouse, July 7, 1866, under the inspectorship of J. F. Miller, John T. Smith and N. Robbins. At the appointed time 83 votes were polled and the following persons were elected as the first village officers of Benton

Harbor: President, Samuel McGuigan, trustees, Sterne Bronson, O. Hubbard, Martin Green, A. Burrige, N. Robbins, G. K. Hopkins; clerk, N. Babcock; treasurer, J. C. Gates; assessors, J. T. Smith, S. C. Martin; marshal, James Trimble; street commissioners, J. Van Horn, C. Hamlin, John Morrison; fire wardens, Loyal Nutting, James Trimble; poundmaster, B. C. Lewis.

In 1867 the president of the village was Samuel McGuigan, the clerk N. Babcock, and the treasurer J. C. Gates. In 1868 these officers in the above order, were Joseph Riford, H. S. Harris and John Bell. In this period the village grew rapidly, and as the general law was found defective in some of its provisions it was deemed advisable to reincorporate Benton Harbor under a special act of the legislature. Accordingly the Hon. A. B. Riford, of the village, who was at that time a member from this district in the assembly, was requested to draft a charter, which, after being approved by the board, received the sanction of the state authorities April 3, 1869. By the terms of this charter the limits were fixed to embrace all that tract of land situated in township No. 4, south of ranges 18 and 19, described as follows: Beginning half a mile west

of the quarter post on the west side of section No. 19, running thence north parallel with a line half a mile east of the west line of sections Nos. 18 and 19, to the east and west quarter line of section 18, thence west half a mile to the quarter post in the Paw Paw river, thence north on the section line thirty chains, thence west twenty chains to the centre of section 13, thence south one mile to the centre of section 24, thence east one mile to the place of beginning, shall be known as the village of Benton Harbor.

It will be seen that half of the above described corporation is situated in the township of Benton and the other half in St. Joseph township.

In 1871 Benton Harbor was made a port of entry and A. B. Riford appointed collector of customs, entering upon the discharge of his duties in the spring of that year and serving to March 14, 1877. Andrew J. Kidd was then appointed collector.

Some time about 1864, Green, Allen & Co. (Martin Green, P. P. Allen and J. P. Edwards) were actively engaged in the shipping business from this port, and had an interest in a line of good steamers to Chicago, among the boats being the "St. Joseph," "Benton" and "Van Raalte."

In a few years the company retired from business and the boats were taken to other points. At present the propellers "Messenger" and "Skylark" leave every day and evening for Chicago. Both boats are owned by citizens of the village. The "Messenger" is of 444 tons burden, carries a crew of twenty men, is owned by Graham, Morton & Co., and commanded by Captain John Robinson. It was placed on this line in 1875. The "Skylark" tonnage is 261, her crew numbers fourteen men, the owner is H. W. Williams and her captain John Morrison. The "Shepard" and "Edith," small boats, ply between St. Joseph and Benton Harbor every half hour for local accommodation.

PIONEER DAYS IN BERRIEN COUNTY.

W. L. George Contributed the Following to the News-Palladium's Special Edition in 1904.

Benton Harbor, Mich., April 10, 1902.—Hon. Thos. Mars, Berrien Centre, Mich. My Dear Sir: In an unguarded moment I consented to give you some of my recollections of the early pioneers of northern Berrien county. I think, however, that I could do better at writing short sermons than history.

For want of space, I shall confine my article to a few of the early settlers whom I knew personally from 1842 to 1846.

My father, W. C. George, moved from Clayton, New York, in 1842, and landed in St. Joseph in the fall of the same year. During the next winter he moved to Bainbridge.

St. Joseph at that time was a small hamlet surrounded by great forests and it was no uncommon thing for deer, wild turkeys and bears to wander into the village. I have seen wild bears on the beach at the mouth of the river as late as 1851. During the same year four were killed by the Hardenbrook brothers while swimming across the river into the village.

The principal citizens of the village were B. C. Hoyt, who later became a banker and died recently at the age of about 100 years; Thomas Fitzgerald, a banker and afterwards appointed a United States senator by Governor Lewis Cass; Horace Guernsey, a pioneer of '37; the Kingsley brothers; Major Timothy Smith, who with his sons later went to California; Sheriff Whitmeyer, and Alexander Collins, a boot and shoe manufacturer. Captain Curtis Boughton, who died a few years since, was up to the time of his death a prominent character in Berrien county. His schooner was wrecked at the mouth of the St. Joseph river during the "terrible November gale of 1842," a gale that was remembered for years as the most disastrous that had been known on the lakes. The crew was rescued by the heroism of the villagers. During the Civil War whenever Captain Boughton heard of a soldier's family that was destitute he relieved their wants from his private funds. He started the first commercial peach orchard in southwestern Michigan.

In 1842 there was a scow ferry across the river, a very primitive affair, which connected with a plank road on piles running across the marsh for about half a mile to hard ground.

The only house on the east side of the river, on the present site of Benton Harbor, was a log tavern owned and kept by Elcazer Morton, who was at that time in the prime of life and one of the most prominent men in the county—a man whose counsel was sought by all his neighbors—a man of commanding presence, strict integrity, and a strong will. He was also an author of some note and for years a correspondent of the *New York Tribune*. He assisted all who came to him in distress, but woe to the man who abused his hospitality. All passenger traffic from as far east as Detroit passed his door—it was the terminus of the Territorial road.

His family consisted of five sons—viz., Charles A., Henry C., William E., George C., and James D.; and five daughters, Sarah M., who married Judge Conger; Mary A., Jane E., and Caroline D.

One of the sons, Henry C. Morton, deserves more than passing notice. To him, more than any other man, is credit due for the flourishing city of Benton Harbor, the metropolis of the Fourth Congressional district, and for the prosperity of northern Berrien county. He, however, had two able assistants in Sterne Bronson, who suggested a ship canal to the mouth of the St.

Joseph river, and Charles Hull. These three men worked hand in hand, their only encouragement being scoffs and sneers, but by their heroic efforts they made Benton Harbor, one mile inland, a great shipping point. In the accomplishment of their object, they have erected a monument for themselves that will be cherished by all the older residents as long as they live, and should be by all who come in after years and are benefited by their labor.

To Henry C. Morton, more than to all others, is due the credit for the great work. In the accomplishment of his object he never wavered, but spent his fortune and some of the best years of his life. He inherited all the good qualities of his father. No public business of importance was transacted without the aid of his counsel. He did not stop his work when the canal was completed, but his energy and means did effective work in securing the extension of the West Michigan (Pere Marquette) Railway to Benton Harbor. He was also one of the largest factors in securing the C., C., C. & St. L. railway. He was once elected to the legislature, but refused a renomination.

L. L. Johnson lived about one mile down the

Paw Paw river at what was known as "L. L. Gap," the present site of the beautiful Higman Park. About two miles up the river from Johnson's lived Joseph Caldwell and Robert Dickinson. I do not remember of another resident between there and Waterford, as it was then called.

About one mile east of Morton's, on the Territorial road, was the Wheeler farm. Two miles east of Wheeler's lived Benjamin Johnson, who owned a blacksmith shop. He was a sturdy pioneer. His son, Jether, lived to clear up a large farm near his father's and did his share toward improving the county.

One mile east of Johnson's an old man, James Higbee, with his wife and three sturdy sons, had settled in 1837. James, the oldest son, who is still living, is about eighty-six years of age, with evidence all around him of his energy and public spirit. Payne Mann, who was government superintendent on the pier at the mouth of the river, and the Jaquay family lived east of there.

The territory south and north of the Territorial road was an unbroken wilderness. The small village of Millburg, seven miles east of the river, consisted of about half a dozen families:

Jehiel Enos, a surveyor, and afterward a representative in the legislature; the Enos brothers—Harvey, Joseph, Roswell and Ira—who owned the only sawmill in the vicinity; the Wilder family, consisting of the mother, three sons—James, George and William—and two daughters.

About a mile north of Millburg lived an old gentleman by the name of Bishop; the oldest son was a sailor and master of a vessel on the lakes. Another son, J. K. Bishop, is still living on the old farm.

One mile south of Millburg, Phineas Pearl had settled in 1837. His family consisted of his wife, three sons, and two daughters. Mr. Pearl was a sturdy, resolute, self-willed man—a typical pioneer—who acknowledged no such thing as defeat, and his wife was one of the kindest, most motherly women I ever knew. One of his sons, Major Lewis Pearl, taught the Millburg school in the winter of '42. He is still living at the age of 86, a hearty old gentleman. He goes to the north woods with the "boys" to hunt deer every fall. He is a veteran of the Civil War, where he won his title of major. Warren Pearl died several years since, after cleaning up several large tracts of land, and left a beautiful farm and much

property for his children. James was drowned when quite a young man. One daughter, Mrs. Adeline Hull, is still living near Benton Harbor.

Two miles east of Millburg Alexander P. Pinney kept a tavern, where the stages stopped on their way to St. Joseph from Kalamazoo to feed and change horses. Martin Tice, an old stage driver, located near him.

Wheat was hauled from as far east as Kalamazoo to St. Joseph, much of it being moved with oxen, with merchandise for their return trips. Wheat sold from 50 to 60 cents per bushel, payable in what was called the "Red Dog" or "Wild Cat" currency, the issue of state or wild cat banks, worth par one day and worthless the next. There are people who are eternally howling for a change in our present currency. Such men should be obliged to work for fifty cents per day (twelve hours), as we did in old times, and be paid in "Wild Cat" currency. When we traveled we were obliged to change our money at every state line at a discount.

In Bainbridge, twelve miles east of the St. Joseph river, where my father located, there were but few settlers. As I remember them, they were Samuel McKeys, Levy Woodruff, Isaac Youngs,

Frank Johnson, Lot and William Sutherland, John and Wallace Tabor, Jacob Cribbs, and John Byers, all of whom passed away some years ago. I cannot say where they are at present, as I have had no communications with any of them since they departed.

Our nearest gristmill was at Whitmanville, over twenty miles distant, and when a family got out of flour or meal they would borrow until some one went to mill. Whoever went would take a grist for their neighbors.

For amusement, fifteen or twenty young people would pile into a sleigh drawn by two yoke of oxen and go five or ten miles to a dancing party, a singing or spelling school. There was great pleasure in those moonlight excursions in the ox-team age. It was about the only pleasure we could afford. The present generation cannot realize the terrible struggles and privations of the pioneers, who by their perseverance and courage started the ball rolling that has made the country of today in place of the wilderness of '42. There are now magnificent farm buildings, beautiful orchards, vineyards loaded with luscious fruit, fine school buildings, and churches with steeples so high that very poor persons can

hardly see the top of them. Telegraph and telephone poles are strung all over the country, and people converse with each other hundreds of miles apart, so that, together with the steam and electric roads and all the wonderful discoveries and inventions of the last century, space is almost annihilated. Yet, with all the blessings with which we are surrounded, I doubt if we are happier than in the old times. I even doubt if the Great Father of All is worshiped with more sincerity in the magnificent churches of today than in the little log churches in those olden days. The good Lord seemed just as merciful then as now, and salvation was just as free to us as it was to the Jews centuries before.

Smith and Merrick of Clayton, New York, owned large tracts of wild land in northern Berrien county. About 1835 they commenced building a sawmill on the Paw Paw river about three miles north of Bainbridge, and named the place Waterford, since changed to Watervliet. In the fall of 1837 the company's schooner, "Horatio Gates," in command of Captain Curtis Dixon, entered the harbor of St. Joseph, where there was no pier, loaded with supplies for the new village. They were taken up the Paw Paw

river in scows, poled and towed by the vessel's crew. The sailors remained in the village all winter and worked for the company. Among the crew was a young man by the name of William Carey, who afterwards married Caroline George and was for many years a well known captain on the lakes. There was Canada thistle seed enough in the cargo of the "Horatio Gates" to seed all of northern Berrien county. Moses Osgood kept the boarding house, and a man by the name of Moffatt was manager of the company.

There were more Indians in the county in '42 than white people. They were generally peaceable, except when intoxicated, but when in this condition they were as beastly as the very civilized white men are in this age when in the same condition.

Earlier than 1843, Stephen R. Gilson came to northern Berrien county and soon after located about two miles down the river from Waterford, and was the founder of the little burg that grew into the Coloma of today. He was one of a class of men who by their invincible courage and energy have made the western country what it is now. He was a generous man and a good neighbor.

In 1844 and 1846 a number of families moved from Jefferson county, New York, to Bainbridge and Watervliet, among whom were George Becker, Gilson Osgood (who was for some years agent for Smith & Merrick), Andrew Pitcher, Mr. Duval, and two families of Boyers. Most of them came without means, but all of them possessed something better than hard cash—strength, energy and determination—and nothing could shake them but the ague. No one escaped that dread disease.

The present generation cannot realize the hardships of the early pioneer. Very few of them lived to an old age, and their struggles and privations were very hard to bear. Deer, turkeys and squirrels destroyed their crops, and bears killed many of their hogs, sometimes even going into a yard and carrying off a hog. All kinds of wild game were abundant.

If space was not so limited for this article, I would try to do justice to the grand men who came into the country later, and took up the great work of improving the country where the old settler left off, but part of their history has already been written and ample historical justice will be given them later.

W. L. GEORGE.

THE STORY OF THE CANAL.

J. E. Miller, Civil Engineer, Wrote the Following Interesting Reminiscences:

In response to request, I will give some facts in the early history of Benton Harbor, Mich., which are possibly unknown to the majority of its citizens and which may be of interest.

In the year of 1860 I was associated with Martin Green as chief accountant and chief engineer in dredging and general contract business, with offices at No. 4 North Wells street, near the bridge, Chicago. In the early spring of 1860 "three wise men"—viz., Henry Morton, Charles Hull and Sterne Brunson came over in a boat from "Bungtown," as it was generally called at that time. They came into our office and stated their errand, which was no less a project for our consideration than the building of a ship canal nearly a mile in length from the St. Joseph river across the marsh to the present site of Benton Harbor, with a basin and channel large enough for the biggest lake vessel and steamers.

The scheme evidently originated with Mr. Brunson, a man of active mind and whose argu-

ments were so plausible, backed as they were by the other two gentlemen of practicability as to its feasibility and profit in the development of the great fruit region lying contiguous, and even in that day supplying the Chicago market with the most delicious peaches, apples, grapes, etc.

It seemed like a chimerical scheme at first sight, but after considerable persuasion and argument Mr. Green and I started on the old round-bottomed propeller "Montezuma" for St. Joseph. The vessel would roll so as to dip decks in a good sea and I was invariably sick every time I crossed on her.

On arrival after a night's tossing we met our three friends who conducted us over the proposed route for the canal, which for feasibility and ease of construction appeared very easy, there being from one to three feet of water over the whole marsh from where the Paw Paw river intersects the St. Joseph river. After looking over the ground and getting from the committee their best offer, it was decided to undertake the job, and on our return to Chicago two dredges were got ready and safely housed to stand the sea. At that day it was quite a risk to tow a dredge across the lake, as they were not built so staunch

as now, with iron frames and every appliance to stand a gale, but were entirely of wood and quite small as compared to the modern ones; still, we never had a serious accident in crossing, which we did many times. I remember on the first dredge towed over one deckhand lashed a buoy to each wrist in case of accident, and it took some time to convince him that was the worst possible place for a buoy to be fastened. We had in all four dredges at work digging the canal in order to allow vessels to use it the next spring.

We agreed that the canal should be platted 150 feet in width from the mouth to the upper terminus, where a basin large enough to turn the largest lake vessel was to be dug, and it was so platted upon the recorded map, but the canal was dug 80 feet in width first and I think 16 deep. The government has now control of the canal as navigable water and the committee allowed the 80 feet in width to be permanent, which no doubt they now regret.

I also laid out the village into streets, blocks and lots, embracing all the land lying in the now business district, but not the high lands on the bluff.

The survey was made accurately with transit,

wooden rod, with standard measure. I had for assistants besides the three, Mr. James, R. Brunson and others, plenty of volunteers.

When I look back it seems about incredible that any one, especially Mr. Green, could on the showing undertake such a contract, for at that time there were few houses in sight and the great extent of half-submerged marsh was enough to suggest ague and all sorts of disagreeable things.

On the bluff nearest the basin lived Sterne Brunson and family; on the eastern bluff, Henry C. Morton, and beyond him Charles Hull. At the foot of the bluff close to Ox Creek lived an old German woman, and on Main street south of the basin lived Mr. Lewis, known as the "rubber man," as all his joints were double, including arms and neck.

At this time the great marsh, stretching from the sand hills on the shore of Lake Michigan to the bluffs along the St. Joseph and Paw Paw rivers and east both sides of Main street to the canal basin, was nearly always covered with water, through which the wild rice grew to a height of 6 feet or more, a beautiful sight waving in the sun and wind like some vast wheat field. but underneath all this vegetation lived turtles,

muskrats and other amphibious animals. It was a great resort for sportsmen, being fairly alive with ducks, rails and cranes, which lived sumptuously upon the wild rice. What a surprise to all these inhabitants of the marsh it must have been to have the steam dredge working and puffing there! The sand thrown up by the dredge was leveled back and made fine dockage ground, as is shown by the warehouses and lumber yards now lining both banks of the canal. The only way to reach Benton Harbor from Chicago was by vessel, or by stage from Niles in M. C. R. R.

The village was first called Brunson Harbor and the old epithet "Bungtown" was always applied by her jealous neighbor (St. Joseph). As the new village gained rapidly in population and importance, having more spacious dockage and facilities for handling freight, this jealousy increased until the enmity between the two towns was very great. Of late years this seems to have passed away, the two cities being connected by electric lines and in many other ways their interests are mutual.

It was after a while voted to change the name to Benton Harbor, it being the chief town in the county and township of Benton.

The land north of Main street from Ox Creek to the basin was originally covered with oak trees. and near the water works on Main street were some old peach trees which have borne fruit for twenty years. The Indians camped ever year near McCord's spring above Paw Paw bridge.

The only business house was a blacksmith shop on Main and Pipestone streets, and no post-office. St Joseph then being a very old village and headquarters for all the surrounding country. This was forty-two years ago (1860). I made the original map of record, a copy of which I kept.

On my visit to Benton Harbor last July I noted some very great improvements, and thought to myself, how I wished the old committee of three were alive to see the asphalt roads, mineral baths, opera house, etc., but they always had faith that these things would come. I remember old Mr. Morton, grandfather of Stanley Morton. a fine specimen of the old-school gentleman and pioneer from Ohio, who often expatiated upon the great future of the new enterprise, believing a large city would ultimately be built here.

J. E. MILLER.

CANAL PLAN TO PAW PAW RIVER.

The Connecting of the Canal With the Paw Paw River
Was Urged in 1862.

The following subscription was circulated in 1862 for the purpose of raising money to extend the ship canal from the basin to the Paw Paw river, a plan that was never carried out:

We, the undersigned, agree to give the amount set opposite our several names for the building of a road and canal from the basin in Bronson Harbor to the Paw Paw river, near the town line, it being understood that the road is to be made four feet higher than high water mark and fifteen feet wide on the top and the canal to have four feet of water at low water and twenty-five feet wide, to be paid in such amounts and at such times as the several subscribers may agree upon with the committee of directors:

George Parmelee	\$500	L. C. Merrell, 5 piles..	5
Frank Hopkins	500	M. H. Stoddard, piles,	
M. & O. B. Green.....	400	timber or cord wood..	25
John Thomas	25	James Barry, piles or	
H. C. Morton	100	timber	10
B. C. Lewis, lot 5, block		Charles M. Guy, piles..	10
19, Brunson Harbor..		S. G. Parker, Sq. timber	10
W. B. Harmon	25	Henry Smith, 10 piles..	10
Alvin Burrage	50	Wm. M. Driscoll	10
A. U. Collins	25	Lyman Cole, timber	20
Rufus Brunson	15	Boyer & West, lumber..	80
W. Hipp, 10 piles	10	Abel Barnum, Sq. timber	20
C. K. Pierce, 10 piles...	10	Thomas Ragan, 5 piles..	5

AN EARLY SETTLER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

An Interview with Henry C. Morton in 1895

That venerable gentleman, and Benton Harbor's oldest citizen, Henry C. Morton, is celebrating his 77th birthday to-day, and receiving the congratulations of a host of loving friends. Mr. Morton is wonderfully well preserved, both physically and mentally, his intellect being so clear that he recalls with phenomenal accuracy events of the minutest import that occurred more than three score years ago. A representative of The Palladium called on Mr. Morton to-day and chatted entertainingly with him about the early history of Benton Harbor and St. Joseph, for Mr. Morton's residence in this city is synonymous with its growth and progress from the first inception of a village here, as he came here 60 years ago, when there was scarcely a vestige of civilization and the surrounding country was a vast wilderness.

Mr. Morton came to Benton Harbor with his parents by wagon from Ohio, and stayed in Kalamazoo one year (1834), there being no wagon road at that time to Lake Michigan. In 1835, however, Congress appropriated \$20,000 and opened the road from Detroit to St. Joseph. The family remained

in St. Joseph that winter and in the spring came to Benton Harbor, building a large log house in the woods on the present site of the water works pumping station. At that time there was not an inhabitant in either Hagar, Sodus or Pipestone townships, and only two families in Benton township—the families of Joseph Caldwell and a Mr. Dalton.

Upon reaching manhood Mr. Morton became interested with his father in the development of Benton Harbor, with which, until recent years, he has been actively and personally engaged, generously donating a large amount of money for every improvement of importance, and in several instances aiding St. Joseph financially in times of monetary stringency. Among the most notable improvements with which Mr. Morton was identified was the building of the ship canal, which is well known history here, the building of the first swing bridge across the St. Joseph river at its mouth, and the securing of the Cincinnati, Wabash & Michigan road into Benton Harbor. For this project his donation was munificent.

Mr. Morton has always been a friend of St. Joseph, anxious to see that city progress. He expressed himself to-day as happy that the county seat will be removed to St. Joseph.

Mr. Morton resides in the old homestead on Territorial street with his son, J. Stanley and family. The old homestead was built in 1848. The frame barn on the lot was the second frame barn built in Northern Berrien County.

A VAST PEACH ORCHARD.

The following was published in a Chicago newspaper in 1899:

Benton Harbor, Mich., Nov. 1.—This season has been a remarkably profitable one for fruit growers in this locality. Due to the extreme cold weather of last winter when 80 per cent of the peach trees throughout the United States were killed by frost, those in the vicinity of Benton Harbor alone escaping with the exception of a few orchards along the lake shore.

The peach orchards have borne heavy crops this season and prices have ruled high. Roland Morrill, the largest peach grower of this section, has shipped an average of 3,000 baskets of peaches per day. He had an extra large and fine crop of Albertas, and from this one variety he has gathered about 2,500 baskets. They have averaged \$5.00 per basket, and the value of the crop from this single variety is \$12,500.

The Roland Morrill peach orchard is without doubt the greatest peach farm in the world. Two years ago the American Horticultural Society met in Chicago and the expert peach men made a

side trip to Benton Harbor for the express purpose of seeing the Morrill orchard. Upon their return to the convention they passed a resolution to the effect that they had just visited the finest peach orchard in America. That was two years ago, and only a small portion of the orchard was old enough to bear to any extent.

The orchard comprises 100 acres, and the crop this year is larger than ever before. This season Mr. Morrill has marketed about 12,000 bushels of peaches, and the capacity of the orchard next year will be 25,000 bushels. The crop this year has brought returns to the amount of \$25,000.

Many of the peach trees this season were so heavily loaded that the limbs, unable to bear the weight, bent to the ground, where they found support until the fruit was gathered. When the fruit was picked the trees straightened up again and no injury has been done to them.

The success of Mr. Morrill as a peach grower is not the result of good luck. This season he has made more money than any other man in the county, but he has not accomplished this result without work. He superintends the care of the trees personally and declares that his

success is due to the looking after the details of the business that some growers look upon as nonessential. The trees must in the first place be kept healthy and then they can bear to their full capacity without injury. During the season the ground in the orchard is cultivated every few days. Mr. Morrill does not believe in irrigating the peach orchard. Frequent cultivation, he says, is better. As soon as the peaches are grown the fruit is brought to the packing house in half-bushel baskets, and there the peaches are sorted into "first" and "seconds" by the grower himself. In the bottom of the basket is the number of the picker, and a record is kept of each individual picker. If green fruit is picked or the peaches bruised the picker who did the work is called to account at night. The pickers are paid by the day and good work is essential to holding the job. At the packing house girls and women are employed in the packing. The first grade peaches are packed in California crates of four baskets. The name of the packer is also on each crate, and if any of the fruit is not up to the standard it is always easy to learn who packed the inferior peaches and the person guilty of bringing the brand in disfavor is replaced by some more painstaking packer.

COMPANY I RETURNS FROM CUBA.

The local correspondent of the Chicago Times-Herald wired the following under date of Sept. 4, 1898:

Benton Harbor, Mich., Sept. 4.—A public reception was given here to-night in honor of the home coming of Company I, Thirty-third Michigan volunteers. The train conveying the soldiers arrived over the West Michigan Railway by way of Grand Rapids from Detroit at 9:40 o'clock. The citizens had made preparations for a patriotic demonstration, and upon the arrival of the train all the whistles in the city began blowing and the bells chimed in their notes of welcome.

A committee and two bands and thousands of people met the boys at the depot, and when they disembarked the scene that followed was both pitiful and enthusiastic. Mothers wept in the arms of their soldier sons, fathers, sisters and brothers greeted the return of their long-absent boys, and friends shook their hands in a fervor of joy.

Company I finally formed in line and marched in company fours to the armory, passing beneath a magnificent arch of national colors, which the citizens had erected. Upon this was the legend,

"Welcome Home, Brave Boys of Santiago," illuminated with incandescent electric lights.

The city was profusely decorated with bunting and flags. In a window of one of the large grocery stores was this legend: "Nothing Too Good for Company I." "Hazen S. Pingree, the Soldier's Friend," was suspended beneath a large picture of the Michigan governor.

Addresses of welcome were delivered by Mayor Brant. General Ainger, Thomas O'Hara and others.

The returning troops presented a striking contrast to the original eighty-six young men who left this city on May 16 to be mustered into the United States service. The hardships of the campaign were plainly visible in the appearance of every one. Of the eighty-six who went to Cuba fifty-eight came back to-night, eight are in the hospitals at Montauk Point, one is still sick in Cuba, one died on a transport and was buried at sea, and nine others are at home, having come back at different times on account of disability. Company I had two men wounded—Lieutenant Harry Pound and Private Elson Felch—in the second day's fighting at Santiago.

Private Barrett O'Hara of Company I was the only man in the Thirty-third regiment who could talk Spanish. After the surrender of the Spanish army he rendered valuable service as an interpreter.

Jas. Pender.

THE WAR AT ST. JOSEPH.

Ben King wired the following to the Chicago News-Record
May 20, 1892:

St. Joseph, Mich., May 20.—It is generally believed here by town folk who are inclined to be superstitious at all that years and years ago on the beautiful bluff in front of the Hotel Whitcomb, where long since the bones of the Pottawattomic Indians were exhumed, an old chieftain was murdered in warm blood, hence the awful fatality that seems attached to the town. Even its own citizens work against its interests and have for years. They have fought every enterprise that would be a benefit to the town ever since the old burg stood. This were not so lamentable a fact if it had been the old residents, but the contagion seems to have spread—handed down as it were to the young—and the Young Men's club are today carrying out the same ideas and harboring the same fossilized theories of their forefathers. It might be interesting to the outside world to know just why "Old St. Joe," with its great location and elegant harbor, has not advanced one iota in the last fifty years, while other towns have increased in population and wealth—Benton Harbor, for instance, across the

river, scarcely half the age of St. Joe, now a city twice the size of the old village on the hill. Let a man come into the town of his own accord; a man with brains; a man with capital and energy and push and go-ahead-ativeness and the old back-numbers will cast a suspicious glance at him and shun him as they would a hobgoblin.

A year or so ago a citizen dropped in here from a far-away state, old Kentucky. His name was Col. William Worth Bean. He bought up a mile or so of street-car track for a Chicago syndicate and assumed management of the same. Col. Bean's trouble began when he struck St. Joe. He struck a town owned and controlled by a few men of very egotistic natures. These men practically owned St. Joe. They had hoarded up some wealth by actual manual labor, had bought the best part of the old town and built factories, et ceteree, et ceterah. Each one had been converted at an early date and each one was frigidly orthodox. Like Alexander at the sea, who said, "Thus far shalt thou go and no father," so saith the influential few to "Old St. Joe." They did not want the old town to get out of their control, and, fearing that Mr. Bean would introduce some novelty or scheme whereby the beautiful village would get her second wind and forge ahead, leaving them to hang on like barnacles on the bottom of an old hulk, they began to whisper vain things among themselves and said: "Verily I say unto

you, this Kaintuckian is too swift for us. We must sit down on him."

And they did, but all undaunted Col. Bean went on. He asked them to give him a franchise for an electric road, so the citizens between St. Joe and Benton Harbor could move faster; so that the business men could take lunch in either town with a loss of only a few minutes. No one knows how Mr. Bean got his franchise, but he got it. It was granted him by a democratic board then doing business at the old stand, after Bean had explained to them what electricity was, how he intended to suspend a wire over their heads and push them along over the bridges and bayous and cause-way roads at a speed of forty miles an hour. He had labored with some of the new aldermen and had fully persuaded them that the electric current overhead would do them no injury.

One alderman, who squints more or less at large, thought perhaps lightning might strike a car propelled in such a manner, but after Bean related the story about Ben Franklin and his kite and how no harm whatever could come to them they reluctantly relented.

It was after the new board got in that Mr. Bean found his pathway strewn with thorns. One would have thought the old democratic board with its Jacksonian ideas was bad, but the new republican board with its homeopathic mayor had

the yellows far worse than the old peaches that hung on the political tree so long. The good Kentucky colonel held them aloof, his syndicate was not prepared to bonus any of the ring, and even the aldermen at large could keep on running at large. They would find no bean mashes or clover fields so far as Mr. Bean was concerned.

Trouble began in St. Joe last Saturday. Mr. Bean had the guy-poles in. The franchise given the Bean syndicate calls for a track on Ship street, the cars stopping exactly in front of the Lake View and Hotel Whitcomb; but to pull the cars up to this point a pole had to be erected some thirty feet away. This was or is the central pole on which the trolley wire is fastened and stands at the very edge of Lake Front park. It is not in the way of vehicles, not in the park, and when in position, tightened up by the trolley wire and painted will be more of an ornament to the park than a few japonicas and sweet peas that grow near its base. It was while digging this hole for the "Bean pole," as some of the irate citizens designate it, that his mayorship waxed very worth.

Mr. Bean's workmen were digging away, singing "Hitchety Hatchet and Up-I-Go" and thinking of Jack the Giant-Killer and the "Bean pole," when suddenly the mayor's chief of police appeared and arrested them, taking them away to St. Joe's calaboose, a very unsavory

and grewsome old place. When he came back he found another Bean-poler at work and so arrested him, and so on until seven poor fellows were incarcerated just for digging in a hole that the town had given them the right to dig. Do you think that was justice, gentle reader? Col Bean, with good old Kentucky blue-grass blood coursing through his veins, prepared to frustrate the plans of his enemies next day and so got out an injunction, but on that night the "Nux Vomica" mayor posted a sentinel to watch the "Bean-pole-hole," with instructions that if Mr. Bean's brigade came at any time during the night to warn them by ringing the fire-bell.

What do you think of him? That night for a practical joke about a dozen young men with old brooms marched to the sacred spot. The wary sentinel, believing them to be Bean's workmen, ran to the city hall and rang the fire-bell. The consequence was all of St. Joe turned out at midnight, believing it to be another great fire, when in reality it was only a broom brigade around the contested spot on the lake front. And it came to pass next day, even after Mr. Bean had got out an injunction preventing the mayor and his subordinates from interfering with his workmen, that homeopathy came down with blood in his eye, and, believing himself to be more powerful than the laws of the state of Michigan, he, in violation of the statutes, ordered his

policemen to arrest all workmen who dared to put shovel or pick in the "Bean-pole-hole."

He then made a speech that ran something as follows: "Fellow-citizens, we, the citizens of St. Joseph, rejoice in this beautiful park. We have laid it out and have set out beautiful flowering shrubs. Here and there grow lovely nasturtiums, japonicas and sweet pease. Mr. Archer, as you all know, has set these flowers out. We have gone to great expense for these japonicas and sweet pease. Now, shall we let this electric street-car line put up a pole here, hiding these japonica flowers and sweet pease from the view of our summer visitors? I say no. Let us protect our japonicas and sweet pease. They are more to us than any electricity cars, that endanger life so much. And then, just as his mayorship called on the officers to arrest Mr. Bean and his men, Deputy Sheriff Louis Hosbein then and there read the injunction act to the mayor and in a few hours the Bean pole went up and there she stands to-day. The question asked the News-Record correspondent to-day after arriving was: Have you seen the Bean pole yet? So the wandering scribe found it, and standing at its base muttered these words in a low, guttural, inaudible tone: "Keeping everlastingly at it bringeth success. Hammer away, old St. Joe; hammer out the old fossils and hammer in the new. Sing 'Boom de ra, Ta ra Boom de Aye.' After awhile, when the fossils die, we'll be a city by and by. *Ben King.*

PRESIDENTS

Of the Village of Benton Harbor From 1866 to 1891:

Samuel McGuigan.	Joseph Riford.
John C. Ingham.	I. C. Abbott.
Sterne Brunson.	John Thomas.
John C. Ingham.	Henry L. Pitcher.
(2nd term).	S. B. Anderson.
John W. Leslie.	S. G. Antisdale.

MAYORS

Of the City of Benter Harbor:

Fred A. Hobbs.	Benton R. Stearns
Alonzo Plummer.	Osgood Fifield.
Dr. John Bell.	Edward Brant.
A. H. Rowe.	H. A. Foeltzer.
I. W. Conkey.	R. B. Gillette.
Monroe Morrow.	James J. Miller.
W. H. Seitz.	Dr. Ryno.

POSTMASTERS

Of Benton Harbor Have Been as Follows:

1866 to 1873	Henry C. Morton.
1873 to 1877	Joseph P. Thresher.
1877 to 1884	A. B. Riford.
1884 to 1889	Hattie B. Riford.
1889 to 1893	Col. L. M. Ward.
1893 to 1896	Roman I. Jarvis.
1896 to 1897	Edgar Nichols.
1897 to 1901	Harry R. Huntington.
1901 to 1909	John T. Owens.
1909 to 1914	Charles K. Farmer.
1914 to 1915	Henry J. Campbell.

To date.

SUPERVISORS

Of Benton Harbor have been as follows:

1893	John Seel.	Wm. Randall.
1894	I. W. Dow.	B. R. Stearns.
1895 to 1898	O. B. Hipp.	
1896 to 1898	Luther Hemingway.	
1896	Elmer L. Rouse.	
1898	S. M. Austin.	
1899	C. Rooms.	
1899 to 1900	James Talmadge.	
1899 to 1901	H. D. Poole.	
1900	W. Deaner.	
1901	H. B. Volheim.	
1901 to 1902	M. V. Buchanan.	
1902	S. H. Kelly.	John Clark.
1902	S. M. Austin.	(2nd term).
1903	Louis A. Jerue.	
1903	L. Hemingway.	
1903	W. H. Quilliams.	
1904	C. K. Farmer.	
1904	S. M. Austin.	(3rd term).
1905 to 1906	Lewis A. Jerue.	(2nd term).
1905	S. E. Daigneau.	E. J. Stevens
1905	H. D. Poole.	(2nd term).
1906	O. B. Hipp.	(2nd term).
1906	J. E. Barnes.	

From O. W. Coolidge's History of Berrien County.

SUPERVISORS

Of Benton Township have been as follows:

1841	Ephriam P. Mann.
1842 to 1846	Phineas Pearl.
1847 to 1850	Jehiel Enos.
1851 to 1853	Lewis W. Pearl.
1857 to 1858	Alexander B. Leeds.
1859 to 1861	Lewis W. Pearl. (2nd term).
1862	Jehiel Enos. “
1863 to 1864	Samuel McGuigan.
1865 to 1868	J. H. Hogue.
1869 to 1870	Samuel Jackson.
1871 to 1874	W. L. George.
1875 to 1878	S. L. Van Camp.
1879 to 1880	W. L. George. (2nd term).
1881	Charles A. Spencer.
1882 to 1890	John C. Lawrence.
1891 to 1896	Sanders L. Van Camp. (2nd term).
1897 to 1899	Henry A. Rackliffe.
1900 to 1901	John C. Lawrence. (2nd term)
1902	W. A. Rose.
1903	J. J. Jakway.

From O. W. Coolidge's History of Berrien County.

OLD TIMERS SOCIAL AND BANQUET.

From The News-Palladium of May 5, 1915:

Upwards of a hundred old residents of Benton Harbor, in fact only those who have lived here for fifty years or longer, filled the G. A. R. hall Tuesday evening, May 4th, for the first annual banquet of the Benton Harbor Fifty Year Club, the only club of its kind in the State.

On April 12th last, a meeting of old settlers was called at the Benton Harbor Club rooms, for the purpose of organizing a club to consist of fifty years residents of the city. Officers were elected and arrangements made for the first big meeting, but the most optimistic of the organizers did not expect the success that resulted. Hardly seventy were counted upon, but it was necessary to reset two long tables to serve the big company of men and women who came. Responding to invitations they arrived early in the afternoon, and thus had plenty of time for renewing acquaintances and recalling old times; in truth, the visiting was so general and of such a lively nature, that it was almost impossible to call the company to order, and it was found necessary to dispense with the five speeches which had been prepared.

At 6 o'clock the tables were filled with diners. Charles Warner offered prayer, sounding a tone of thankfulness for the long number of years allotted to all present. The banquet of four courses was served by the Ladies of the G. A. R., and proved very palatable. Bouquets of lilacs formed the center-pieces, and favors were noseays.

To Mrs. Geo. H. Wright was given the bouquet of carnations, she having the honor of having lived the longest in this vicinity. She was born in Millburg in 1838, or seventy-seven years ago. A little of the oldest resident's history might interest many: She was seventeen years old when she began teaching school in the Hull District, and was, before her marriage, Miss Eliza Hess.

Mrs. Mary Anderson, born in St. Joseph in 1839, was the next oldest resident present. Mrs. Anderson's father, Charles Lamb, took up the first government land of 160 acres in this vicinity when Martin Van Buren was President of the United States.

Charles D. Roome, ninety-three years of age, was the oldest person present. He came here in 1851. Other old residents and settlers present were: Mrs. Hannah Robbins, 85 years of age, who came here in 1856; Mrs. Julia Ann Reprogle Miller, 85 years old, who came in the year 1860, and S. G. Antisdale, also 85, who came to Benton Harbor forty-five years ago. Charles L. Young, William Newland and Charles Johnson were among the youngest members of the Fifty Year Club.

A list of those present, and the date of their coming, is given here below:

1838	Eliza Hess Wright	1846	James McDonald
1839	Mary M. Lamb Anderson	1846	Anna Rector McDonald
1841	Isaac Farnum	1846	John Spink
1842	George King	1846	Elijah Spink
1842	Esther Lamb Roome	1847	Spencer B. Van Horn
1844	S. Marshall Hull	1847	John Seel'
1844	Jennie M. George Jones	1847	Josephine Hurd Scofield
1845	U. Van Rankin	1847	John M. Spink
		1848	William Randall

1849	J. Stanley Morton	1859	Estella Rowe Riley
1849	George W. Closson	1859	Lucinda Rowe Cole
1849	Mary Murphy Burke	1859	Emma Rector
1849	Mary Hull Taylor	1860	William B. Colgrove
1850	A. M. Randall	1860	Daniel Moore
1850	Juan Hess	1860	Tom Hudson
1850	Catherine Arnt Seel	1860	Harriet Miller
1850	Mary Rector Hogue		Livingstone
1851	Charles D. Roome	1860	Julia Ann Reprogle
1851	James P. Bishop		Miller
1851	D. Woodin	1860	Mrs. Ann Hopkins
1851	Mary Wood Nutting	1860	Ada Robbins Downey
1852	Michael Murphy	1860	Josephine Davis Lewis
1852	Helen Howard Mc-	1861	Peter Fonger
	Kindley	1861	William R. Heath
1852	Elida Sortore Rack-	1861	Sterling Sutherland
	liffe	1861	Otis M. Southworth
1853	Charles Burbank	1861	Clarence D. Wright
1853	Emma Hunter Bur-	1861	Julia Ogden Van Horn
	bank	1861	Mrs. Ida Allen
1854	Luther Hemingway	1861	Eliza Dodge
1854	Byron B. Taylor		Stineback
1854	Francis McKindley	1861	Lucinda Diamond
1855	William Murphy		Babcock
1855	Josiah Caldwell	1862	Charles Warner
1855	Foster M. Howard	1862	Helen M. Aldrich
1855	R. K. Vanderbeck		Lander
1855	Sovereign Jerue	1862	Emma Hall Moore
1855	Mary Jerue Fonger	1862	Jennie Carpenter
1855	Anua Hoppe Vander-		Cutler
	beck	1862	Kate Vanderbeck
1856	Mrs. Hannah Robbins		Vincent
1856	Theresa Dittle Spink	1862	Irene Vanderbeck
1856	John Sink		Worden
1857	Mrs. Cynthia Nuskin	1862	Alferetta Vanderbeck
1858	Howard S. Vincent	1863	William Newland
1858	Harriet Nutting Tay-	1863	Charles Johnson
	lor	1863	Ed. Garland
1858	Annette Nutting	1863	John McGoldrich
	Warner	1863	Vet Warner

1863	Mrs. Jennie Sweet	1865	J. O. Rowe
1863	Clara L. Mitchell	1865	A. H. Rowe
1864	Charles L. Young	1865	William Harmon
1864	Marvin J. Vincent	1865	Louise Andrus
1864	Sarah Blake Woodin		Harmon
1864	Anna King Garland	1865	Carrie I. Knott
1864	Addie Price Garland		

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

The following is an extract from the address of Ald. Roy Wallace published in *The Banner-Register* July 9, 1915:

At a banquet recently given, the address of Ald. Roy F. Wallace on "Our City," was perhaps one of the most general interest.

The address, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present, was as follows:

Rev. Father Mulcahy, Mr. Toastmaster, Members of the Sodality, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

The ladies who have this banquet in charge have seen fit to give me a very interesting subject to talk about, and that I, not claiming to be a speaker, don't think I can give justice to.

Brunson's Harbor, or as it is now called, Benton Harbor, has a unique history. It is a comparatively new town in an old settled portion of the country. Our neighbor, St. Joseph, is mentioned in history as far back as the seventeenth century, while we date our beginning from only a half century ago. For we started out during the civil war period, and the people who started us did so with a definite end in view. They were determined to build a town on this spot, and at that time it did not appear to be a good location for the habitation of human beings.

The site where the settlement was located was on low land. We were known by our loving friends as Bungtown.

The first church, the Congregational, was at the corner of Main and Wall streets, and still stands next to the Parks creamery, and is used by the W. O. W. as a lodge room.

The first hotel, the American House, was located where the Jones & Sonner Block now stands. It was built by Rufus Brunson, and afterwards run by Fred Collins' grandfather, succeeded by E. Nichols, father of Mrs. George Bell. This building, now located on Colfax Ave., is called the Morton House.

The first president of the village was Sam McGuigan. The first marshal was Jim Trimble, and the first man arrested was Spence Van Horn. He rode his horse on where the sidewalk should have been, but was only a path. He was fined 10 shillings and costs, and I think there were contempt of court charges added because he mimicked the marshal.

The first town pump was in front of Rod Worden's meat market, about where Rahn Bros.' store now stands on Main street.

A story is told by Spence Van Horn, who helped me with these reminiscences, that he, Jack Montgomery and Brisk Martin were returning from a social on Morton Hill one night, and of course they couldn't go home without a drink—from the town pump. When they reached the pump they found a man drunk and sound asleep. Of course he hadn't been drinking the famous water, but as it wasn't a hotel and his family might be worrying about him, they thought they would apply the famous water cure for all aches and pains. Jack Montgomery

stood the fellow on his feet, Martin stuck a hose, which was connected to the pump down the fellow's back and Van Horn worked the handle of the pump. Between them they soon had the man sober. That was the first of the baths that have made Benton Harbor famous.

The late Robert Ricaby had a peach juice extractor and still at the intersection of what is now Colfax avenue and Michigan street.

Nearly all the ground where Benton Harbor is now, south and east of the Hotel Higbee, was a vast peach orchard in 1863, and the rest was in timber.

Such names as Morton, Brunson and Hull must always live in our memories for the work they started still stands, and equal praise is due to every one that helped with labor, money or oxen, to make the Benton Harbor ship canal.

All the men who worked on the canal are gone now, but many who were boys at that time are still with us—Capt. John Robinson, Spence Van Horn, Nate Lovell, Capt. James McDonald, Ambrose Rowe, Stanley Morton, and others.

A few others remember there notable instances, among them being Mrs. Elizabeth Johnston, mother of Mrs. Charles Haydon. Mrs. Johnston was one of the women who should receive praise along with the canal builders, as she served the dinners to the men at work on the canal. She helped me with these notes.

The first large tug to navigate the canal was the John T. Edwards, owned by Capt. Edwards and John Wallace.

With the digging of the canal shipping interests increased, and Jack Randall built our first ship yard

on the canal side. John Allmendinger and Ed Heath followed after him in the same business. The steamers, Skylark, Lora, Puritan, Barge Allmendinger, and tugs Graham, Thompson, Green, Dickinson, and Tramp, schooners Cora, Ida, Elert and Defiance, and the famous yacht Hawthorn, and many other boats were built here.

The Benton Harbor ship canal became a very important waterway.

Some years later when the canal had become an old story, Capt. M. C. Barnes who had traveled up and down the canal on the tugs Daisy Lee and Lew Wallace, having become tired of the water, conceived the idea of connecting the two towns, Benton Harbor and St. Joe, by a street railway. So he, together with Capt. Jim Brooks, and Bood Ballengee, secured a franchise to join the towns by steel rails, and on these they ran cars hauled by horses. Old Jumbo, a giant horse, helped the cars up the State street hill in St. Joseph, and the fare charged was five cents.

About 1890 a Kentucky colonel came north. He had his eye on our little horse car line, which he purchased, and in 1892 a charter was given to the Benton Harbor-St. Joe Electric R. R. Co., and Jumbo and the rest of the horses disappeared from our midst. For many years Col. Bean managed the line and during that time built extensions to nearly every part of both cities. But a few years ago he sold out to the present company and at this time we have one of the best street railway systems in the state, and C. K. Minarv is one of the best and most courteous of managers.

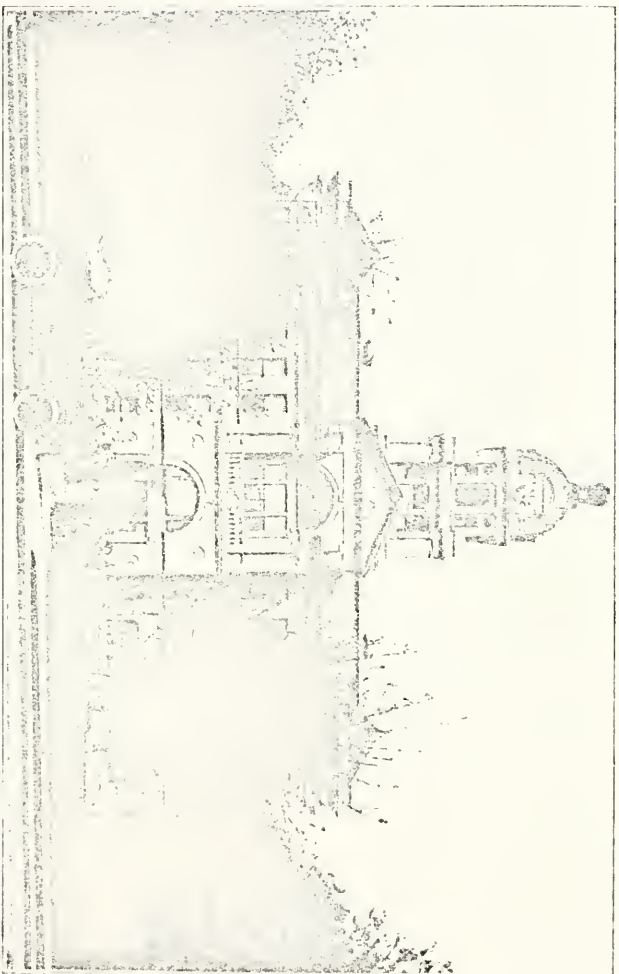
LOOKING BACKWARD THROUGH THE FILES.

Palladium, Oct. 7, 1868. Stages leave Benton Harbor from the American House for Niles, passing through St. Joseph, Royalton, and Berrien Springs, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 6:10 a.m. On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, by the way of Sodus, Pipestone, Eau Claire, and Berrien Center at 7:25, arriving in Niles about 12 o'clock.

Advertisements: D. M. Brown, dealer in crockery and glassware; W. W. Modie, blacksmithing shop; Thomas Spiers, tailor. E. Palmer & Son, groceries, drugs and medicines, boots and shoes. Next door to postoffice. Brunson & Winans, hardware; N. Babcock, boots and shoes; Gates & Bell, drug store. John Kapp, M. D., physician and surgeon; office in Riford's new building, north side of Main Street. A. B. Riford, attorney at law, notary public. Riford's building, Main Street.

Palladium, July 22, 1870: Chris Tully, whose home is in Chicago, and who is employed at Colby's, tried his skill last Monday by making 850 baskets in 12 hours, driving 18,700 nails. This is far ahead of anything we have yet heard of in making baskets.

Palladium, July 30, 1869: Mr. C. Colby is deserving the thanks of the community for the improvement he is making on Pipestone and Water streets, by mixing old bark and box material with the sand, which makes the roads much better for travel, and prevents to a great extent the dust which we have to encounter in dry weather. There are other streets on which this material would be valuable.



BERRIEN COUNTY COURT HOUSE. ST. JOSEPH, MICHIGAN.

4348

